

axmo 37
(1)
A Select
COLLECTION
O F
Modern Poems.

By several Hands.

Perpetuâ semper dignissima Vitâ,

Lucretius L. 3.

D U B L I N :

Printed for John Henly, Book-
seller, at the Black-a-
Moor's-Head in Castle-street,
M DCC XIII.

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This I am by Mr. Gay
Windsor Nov 17 1791
Capt of the Lib

POEM,

To His EXCELLENCY The
LORD PRIVY-SEAL,
ON THE
PROSPECT of *PEACE*.

By Mr. TICKELL.

.....*Sacerdos*
Fronde super MITRAM, & *felici comptus* Oliva. Virg.

The FIFTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Printed for John Henly, Book-
seller, at the *Black-a-Moor's-Head*
in *Castle-street*, M DCC XIII.

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T O T H E L O R D P R I V Y - S E A L .

Contending Kings, and Fields of Death, too long
Have been the Subject of the British Song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's Plain,
Bavaria's Fall, and Danube choak'd with Slain!
Exhausted Themes! A gentler Note I raise,
And sing returning Peace in softer Lays.
Their Fury quell'd, and martial Rage allay'd,
I wait our Heroes in the Sylvan Shade:
Disbanding Hosts are imagin'd to my Mind,
And Warring Pow'rs in friendly Leagues combin'd,
While Ease and Pleasure make the Nations smile,
And Heav'n and ANNA blefs Britannia's Isle.

Well sends our QUEEN Her Mitred BRISTOL forth,
In early Counsels fam'd, and long-try'd Worth,
Who, thirty rolling Tears, had oft with-held
The Suede and Saxon from the dusty Field;
Completely form'd to heal the Christian Wounds;
To name the Kings, and give each Kingdom Bounds,
To Face of ravag'd Nature to repair,
To Leagues to soften Earth, and Heav'n by Pray'r,

To gain by Love, where Rage and Slaughter fail,
And make the Crozier ^qer the Sword prevail.

So when great Moses, with JEHOVAH's Wand,
Had scatter'd Plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's Land,
Now spread an Host of Locusts round the Shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fatt'ning Streams to putrid Gore;
Plenty and Gladness mark'd the Priest of God,
And sudden Almonds shot from Aaron's Rod.

O Thou, from whom these bounteous Blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the Hopes of Peace we owe,
(For next to Thee; the Man whom Kings contend
To stile Companion, and to make their Friend,
Great Strafford, rich in every courtly Grace,
With joyful Pride accepts the second Place.)
From Britain's Isle, and Isis' sacred Spring
One Hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing.
Though Ministers of mighty Monarchs wait,
With beating Hearts, to learn their Masters' Fate,
One Hour forbear to speak thy QUEEN's Commands,
Nor think the World, thy Charge, neglected stands;
The blissful Prospects, in my Verse display'd,
May lure the Stubborn, the Deceiv'd persuade,
Ev'n Thou to Peace shalt speedier urge the Way,
And more be hasten'd by this short Delay.

A
P O E M

O N T H E

PROSPECT of PEACE.

THE haughty *Gaul*, in Ten Campaigns o'erthrown,
 Now ceas'd to think the Western World his own:
 Oft had he mourn'd his boasting Leaders bound,
 And his proud Bulwarks smoaking on the Ground:
 In vain with Pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the Plain,
 Made tim'rous Vows, and brib'd the Saints in vain;
 As oft his Legions did the Fight decline,
 Lurk'd in the Trench, and skulk'd behind the Line.
 Before his Eyes the fancy'd Javelin gleams,
 At Feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in Dreams;
 On Glory past reflects with secret Pain,
 On Mines exhausted, and on Millions slain.

To *Britain's* QUEEN the sceptred Suppliant bends,
 To Her his Crowns and Infant Race commends,

Who grieves Her Fame with Christian Blood to buy,
Nor asks for Glory at a Price so high.
At Her Decree the War suspended stands,
And Britain's Heroes hold their lifted Hands,
Their open Brows no threat'ning Frowns disguise,
But gentler Passions sparkle in their Eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their Courts could find
Such temper'd Fire with manly Beauty join'd,
Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the View
In Forms so fierce their fearful Fancies drew,
At whose dire Names ten thousand Widows prest
Their helpless Orphans clinging to the Breast.
In silent Rapture each his Foe surveys,
They vow firm Friendship, and give mutual Praise.
Brave Minds, howe'er at War, are secret Friends,
Their gen'rous Discord with the Battel ends ;
In Peace they wonder whence Dissention rose,
And ask how Souls so like could e'er be Foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly Shouts rebound,
And social Clarions mix their sprightly Sound,
The British Flags are furl'd, her Troops disband,
And scatter'd Armies seek their native Land:
The hardy Vet'ran, proud of many a Scar,
The manly Charms and Honours of the War,

No hope'd to share his Friends' illustrious Doom,
And in the Battel find a Soldier's Tomb;
Leans on his Spear to take his farewell View,
And sighing bids the glorious Camp adieu.

Ye gen'rous Fair, receive the Brave with Smiles,
O'er-pay their sleepless Nights, and crown their Toils;
Soft Beauty is the gallant Soldier's Due,
For You they conquer, and they bleed for You.
In vain proud *Gaule* with boastful *Spain* conspires,
When *English* Valour *English* Beauty fires;
The Nations dread your Eyes, and Kings despair
Of Chiefs so brave, till they have Nymphs so fair,

See the fond Wife, in Tears of Transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough Lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry Wound,
Hangs on the Lips that Fields of Blood relate,
And smiles, or trembles at his various Fate.
Near the full Bowl he draws the fancy'd Line,
And marks feign'd Trenches in the flowing Wine,
Then sets th'invested Fort before her Eyes,
And Mines, that whirl'd Battalions to the Skies;
His little list'ning Progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful Tale,

Such dire Achievements sings the Bard, that tells
 Of Palfrey'd Dames, bold Knights, and Magic Spells,
 Where whole Brigades one Champion's Arms o'erthrow,
 And cleave a Giant at a random Blow,
 Slay Paynims vile, that force the Fair, and tame
 The Goblin's Fury, and the Dragon's Flame.

Our eager Youth to distant Nations run,
 To visit Fields, their valiant Fathers won ;
 From *Flandria's* Shore their Country's Fame they trace,
 Till far *Germania* shews her blasted Face.
 Th'exulting *Briton* asks his mournful Guide,
 Where his hard Fate the lost *Bavaria* try'd :
 Where *Stepney* grav'd the Stone to *ANNA's* Fame,
 He points to *Blenheim*, once a vulgar Name ;
 Here fled the Household, there did *Tallard* yield,
 Here *Marlborough* turn'd the Fortune of the Field,
 On those steep Banks, near *Danube's* raging Flood
 The *Gauls* thrice started back, and trembling stood :
 When, *Churchill's* Arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
 But plung'd amidst the Waves, a desp'rate Throng,
 Crowds whelm'd on Crowds dash'd wide the watry Bed,
 And drove the Current to its distant Head:

As when by *Raphael's*, or by *Kneller's* Hands
 A Warlike Courser on the Canvas stands,

Such

Such as on *Landen* bleeding *Ormond* bore,
Or set young *Ammon* on the *Granic* Shore ;
If chance a gen'rous Steed the Work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy Gold :
So, *Hocstet* teen, tumultuous Passions rowl,
And Hints of Glory fire the *Briton's* Soul,
In fancy'd Fights he sees the Troops engage,
And all the Tempest of the Battel rage.

Charm Me, ye Pow'rs, with Scenes less nobly bright,
Far humbler Thoughts th'inglorious Muse delight,
Content to see the Horrors of the Field
By Plough-shares level'd, or in Flow'rs conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd Walls may creeping Ivy twine ;
And Grass luxuriant cloath the harmless Mine,
Tame Flocks ascend the Breach without a Wound,
Or crop the Bastion, now a Fruitful Ground ;
While Shepherds sleep, along the Rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable Shade.

Who was the Man? Oblivion blast his Name;
Torn out, and blotted from the List of Fame!
Who fond of lawless Rule, and proudly brave,
First sunk the filial Subject to a Slave,
His Neighbour's Realms by Frauds un-kingly gain'd,
In guiltless Blood the sacred Ermine stain'd,

Laid

Laid Schemes for Death, to Slaughter turn'd his Heart
And fitted Murder to the Rules of Art.

Ah! curst Ambition, to thy Lures we owe
All the Great Ills, that Mortals bear below.
Curst by the Hind, when to the Spoil he yields
His Year's whole Sweat, and vainly ripen'd Fields
Curst by the Maid, torn from her Lover's Side,
When left a Widow, though not yet a Bride ;
By Mothers curst, when Floods of Tears they shed,
And scatter useless Roses on the Dead.

Oh sacred *Bristol* ! then what Dangers prove
The Arts, Thou smil'st on with Paternal Love ?
Then, mix'd with Rubbish by the brutal Foes,
In vain the Marble breaths, the Canvas glows ;
To Shades obscure the glittering Sword pursues
The gentle Poet, and defenceless Muse.

A Voice, like Thine alone, might then assuage
The Warrior's Fury, and controul his Rage ;
To hear Thee speak might the fierce *Vandal* stand,
And fling the brandish'd Sabre from his Hand.

Far hence be driv'n to *Scythia's* stormy Shore
The Drum's harsh Musick, and the Cannon's Roar ;
Let grim *Bellona* haunt the lawless Plain,
Where *Tartar* Clans, and grizly *Cossacks* reign ;

Let the fell'd *Turk* be deaf to Matrons' Cries,
See Virgins avish'd with relentless Eyes,
To Death grey Heav'n and smiling Infants doom,
Nor spare the Promise of the pregnant Womb,
O'er wasted Kingdoms spread his wide Command;
The Savage Lord of an unpeopled Land.

Her guiltless Glory just *Britannia* draws
From pure Religion, and impartial Laws,
To *Europe's* Wounds a Mother's Aid she brings,
And holds in equal Scales the Rival Kings:
Her gen'rous Sons in choicest Gifts abound,
Alike in Arms, alike in Arts renown'd.

As when sweet *Venus* (so the Fable sings)
Awak'd by *Nereids*, from the Ocean springs,
With Smiles she sees the threat'ning Billows rise,
Spreads smooth the Surge, and clears the louring Skies,
Light, o'er the Deep, with flutt'ring *Cupids* crown'd,
The pearly Conch and Silver Turtles bound;
Her Tresses shed Ambrosial Odours round.

Amidst the World of Waves so stands serene
Britannia's Isle, the Ocean's stately Queen;
In vain the Nations have conspir'd her Fall
Her Trench the Sea, and Fleets her floating Wall:

Defence-

Defenceless Barks, her pow'rful Navy near,
Have only Waves and Hurricanes to fear.

What bold Invader, or what Land-oppressor
Hath not her Anger quell'd, her Aid redrest !
Say, where have e'er her Union Crosses sail'd,
But much her Arms, her Justice more prevail'd !
Her Labours are to plead th' Almighty's Cause,
Her Pride to teach th'untam'd Barbarian Laws :
Who conquers, wins by Brutal Strength the Prize ;
But 'tis a Godlike Work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great *Russia's* Throne
The King, whose Pow'r half *Europe's* Regions own,
Whose Sceptre waving, with one Shout rush forth
In Swarms the harness'd Millions of the North,
Through Realms of Ice pursu'd his tedious Way
To court our Friendship, and our Fame survey !
Hence the rich Prize of useful Arts he bore,
And round his Empire spread the learned Store :
(T'adorn old Realms is more than new to raise,
His Country's Parent is a Monarch's Praise.)
His Bands now march in just Array to War,
And *Caspian* Gulphs unusual Navies bear ;
With *Kunick* Lays *Smolensko's* Forests ring,
And wond'ring *Volga* hears the Muses sing.
Did not the Painted Kings of *India* greet
Our QUEEN, and lay their Sceptres at her Feet !

Chiefs

Chiefs who full Bowls of hostile Blood had quaff'd,
Fam'd for the Javelin, and invenom'd Shaft,
Whose haughty Brows made Savages adore,
Nor bow'd to less than Stars, or Sun before.
Her pitying Smile accepts their suppliant Claim,
And adds Four Monarchs to the Christian Name.

Blest Use of Pow'r ! O virtuous Pride in Kings !
And like his Bounty, whence Dominion springs !
Which o'er new Worlds makes Heav'n's Indulgence shine
And ranges Myriads under Laws divine !
Well bought with all that those sweet Regions hold,
With Groves of Spices, and with Mines of Gold.

Fearless our Merchant now pursues his Gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless Main.
Now o'er his Head the Polar Bear he Spies,
And freezing Spangles of the *Lapland* Skies,
Now swells his Canvas to the sultry Line,
With glitt'ring Spoils where *Indian* Grottoes shine;
Where Fumes of Incense glad the Southern Seas,
And wafted Citron scents the balmy Breeze.
Here nearer Suns prepare the rip'ning Gemm,
To grace Great *ANNE*'s Imperial Diadem,
And here the Ore, whose melted Mass shall yield
In faithful Coins each memorable Field,

Which, mixt With Medals of Immortal *Rome*,
May clear Disputes, and teach the Times to come.

In circling Beams shall Godlike *ANNA* glow,
And *Churchill's* Sword hang o're the prostrate *Foe*,
In comely Wounds shall bleeding *Worthies* stand,
Webb's firm Platoon, and *Lumly's* faithful Band,
Bold *Mordaunt* in *Iberian* Trophies drest,
And *Campbell's* Dragon on his dauntless Breast;
Great *Ormonde's* Deeds on *Vigo's* Spoils enroll'd,
And *Guiscard's* Knife on *Harley's* Chili Gold.
And if the Muse, O *Bristol*, might decree,
Here *Granville* noted by the Lyre should be,
The Lyre for *Granville*, and the Cross for Thee.

Such are the Honours grateful *Britain* pays,
So Patriots Merit, and so Monarchs Praise.
O're distant Times such Records shall prevail,
When *English* Numbers, antiquated, fail;
A trifling Song the Muse can only yield,
And sooth her Soldiers panting from the Field,
To sweet Retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their Battles in the rural Shade.
From Fields of Death to *Woodstock's* peaceful Gloom,
(The Poet's Haunt) *Britannia's* Hero comes----

Begin And

Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the string:
Here *Henry* lov'd ; and *Chaucer* learn'd to sing.

Hail fabled Grotto ! hail *Elysian* Soil !
Thou fairest spot of fair *Britannia's* Isle !
Where Kings of old conceal'd forgot the Throne,
And Beauty was content to shine unknown,
Where Love and War by turns Pavilions rear,
And *Henry's* Bow'rs near *Blenheim's* Dome appear ;
The weary'd Champion lull in soft Alcoves,
The noblest Boast of thy Romantick Groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall He be seen
By *Rosamonda* fleeting o're the Green,
In Dreams be hail'd by Heroes' mighty Shades,
And hear old *Chaucer* warble through the Glades,
O're the fam'd echoing Vaults his Name shall bound,
And Hill to Hill reflect the fav'rite sound.

Here, here at least thy Love for Arms give o'er,
Nor, one World conquer'd, fondly wish for more.
Vice of great Souls alone ! O Thirst of Fame !
The Muse admires it, while she strives to blame.
Thy Toils be now to chase the bounding Deer,
Or view the Coursers stretch in wild Career ;
This lovely Scene shall sooth thy Soul to Rest,
And wear each dreadful Image from thy Breast,

With Pleasure, by Thy Conquests shalt Thou see
Thy QUEEN Triumphant, and all *Europe* free,
No Cares henceforth shall Thy Repose destroy,
But what thou giv'st the World, Thy self enjoy.

Sweet solitude ! when Life's gay Hours are past,
Howe'er we range, in Thee we fix at last,
Toft through a tempestuous Seas (the Voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and blefs thy friendly Shore.
Our own strict Judges our past Life we scan,
And ask if Glory hath enlarg'd the Span ;
If bright the Prospect, we the Grave desire,
Trust future Ages, and contented die.

When Strangers from far distant Climes shall come,
To view the Pomp of this Triumphant Dome,
Where rear'd aloft dissembled Trophies stand,
And breathing Labours of the Sculptor's Hand,
Where *Kneller's* Art shall paint the flying *Gaul*,
And *Bourbon's* Woes shall fill the story'd Wall ;
Heirs of thy Blood shall o'er their bounteous Board
Fix *Europe's* Guard, Thy Monumental Sword,
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd Walls,
And Trumps, that drown'd the Groans of gasping *Gauls*
Fair Dames shall oft, with curious Eye, explore
The costly Robes that slaughter'd Gen'als wore,

Rich

Rich Trappings from the *Danube's* Whirlpools brought,
(*Hesperian* Nuns the gorgeous Broid'ry wrought)
Belts stiff with Gold, the *Boian* Horse-man's Pride,
And *Gaule's* fair Flow'rs, in humane Crimson dy'd.
Of *Churchill's* Race perhaps some lovely Boy
Shall mark the burnish'd Steel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze transported on it's glitt'ring Charms,
And reach it struggling with unequal Arms,
By Signs the Drum's tumultuous Sound request;
Then seek, in Starts, the hushing Mother's Breast.

So, in the Painter's animated Frame,
Where *Mars* embraces the soft *Paphian* Dame,
The little *Loves* in sport his Fauchion wield,
Or join their Strength to have his pond'rous Shield:
One strokes the Plume in *Tityon's* Gore embru'd,
And one the Spear, that reeks with *Typhon's* Blood,
Another's Infant Brows the Helme sustain,
He nods his Crest, and frights the shrieking Train.

Thus, the rude Tempest of the Field o're-blown,
Shall whiter Rounds of smiling Years rowl on,
Our Victors, blest in Peace, forget their Wars,
Enjoy past Dangers, and absolve the Stars.
But oh! what Sorrows shall bedew your Urns,
Ye honour'd Shades, whom widow'd *Albion* mourns!

If your thin Forms yet discontented mone,
And haunt the mangled Mansions, once your own,
Behold what Flow'rs the pious Muses strow,
And Tears, which in the midst of Triumph flow,
Cypress and Bays your envy'd Brows surround,
Your Names the tender Matron's Heart shall wound,
And the soft Maid grow pensive at the Sound.

Accept, Great ANNE, the Tears their Mem'ry draw
Who nobly perish'd in their Sov'raign's Cause :
For Thou in Pity bid'st the War give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain Heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vast Price of Blood on each victorious Day !
(But Europe's Freedom doth that Price repay.)
Lamented Triumphs ! when on Breath must tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great QUEEN ! whose Name strikes haughty Monarchs
On whose just Sceptre hangs Europa's Scale, [pale
Whose Arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,
On whose Decree the Nations anxious wait ;
From Albion's Cliffs Thy wide extended Hand
Shall o'er the Main to far Peru command,
So vast a Tract whose wide Domain shall run,
It's circling Skies shall see no setting Sun.

Thee

Thee, Thee an hundred Languages shall claim,
And savage *Indians* swear by *ANNA*'s Name,
The Line and Poles shall own thy rightful Sway;
And thy Commands the sever'd Globe obey.

Round the vast Ball thy New Dominions chain
The watry Kingdoms, and controul the Main,
Magellan's Straits to *Gibraltar* they join,
Across the Seas a formidable Line;
The Sight of adverse *Gaule* we fear no more,
But pleas'd see *Dunkirk*, now a guiltless Shore;
In vain great *Neptune* tore the narrow Ground,
And meant his Waters for *Britannia*'s Bound;
Her Giant *Genius* takes a mighty Stride,
And sets his Foot beyond th' incroaching Tide,
On either Bank the Land it's Master knows;
And in the midst the subject Ocean flows.

So near proud *Rhodes*, across the raging Flood,
Stupendous Form! the vast *Colossus* stood,
(While at one Foot their thronging Gallies ride,
A whole Hour's Sail scarce reach'd the further side)
Betwixt his brazen Thighs, in loose Array,
Ten thousand Streamers on the Billows play.

By *Harley*'s Counsels *Dunkirk* now restor'd
To Britain's Empire, owns her ancient Lord.

In him transfus'd his Godlike Father reigns,
Rich in the Blood which swell'd that Patriot's Veins;
Who boldly faithful met his Sov'reign's Frown;
And scorn'd for Gold to yield th' important Town.
His Son was born the ravish'd Prey to claim,
And *France* still trembles at an *Harley's* Name.

A Fort so dreadful to our *English* Shore,
Our Fleet scarce fear'd the Sands or Tempest more,
Whose vast Expences to such Summs amount,
That the tax'd *Gaul* scarce furnish'd out th' Account,
Whose Walls such Bulwarks, such vast Tow'rs restrain,
It's weakest Ramparts are the Rocks and Main,
His boast great *Louis* yields, and cheaply buys
Thy Friendship, *ANNA*, with the mighty Prize.
Holland repining, and in Grief cast down,
Sees the new Glories of the *British* Crown:
Ah! may they ne'er provoke Thee to the Fight,
Nor Foes, more dreadful than the *Gaul*, invite,
Soon may they hold the Olive, soon assuage
Their secret Murmurs, nor call forth thy Rage
To rend their Banks, and pour, at one Command,
Thy Realm the Sea o'er their precarious Land.

Henceforth be Thine, Vice-gerent of the Skies;
Scorn'd Worth to raise, and Vice in Robes chastise,

33
To dry the Orphan's Tears, and from the Bar
Chace the Brib'd Judge, and hush the wordy War,
Deny the curst Blasphemer's Tongue to rage,
And turn God's Fury from an impious Age.
Blest Change ! the Soldier's late destroying Hand
Shall rear new Temples in his Native Land,
Mistaken Zealots shall with fear behold,
And beg Admittance in our sacred Fold ;
On Her own Works the Pious QUEEN shall smile,
And turn Her Cares upon Her Fav'rite Isle.

rain,
So the keen Bolt a Warrior Angel aims,
Array'd in Clouds, and wrapt in mantling Flames,
He bears a Tempest on his sounding Wings,
And his red Arm the forky Vengeance flings ;
At length, Heav'n's Wrath appeas'd, he quits the War,
To rowle his Orb, and guide his destin'd Star,
To shed kind Fate, and lucky Hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the World below.

Around Thy Throne shall faithful Nobles wait,
These guard the Church, and those dire & the State.
To Bristol, graceful in maternal Tears,
The Church her Tow'ry Forehead gently rears,
She begs her pious Son to assert her Cause,
Defend her Rights, and re-inforce her Laws,

With

With holy Zeal the sacred Work begin,
To bend the Stubborn, and the Meek to win.

Our *Oxford's* Earl in careful Thought shall stand,
To raise his QUEEN, and save a sinking Land,
The wealthiest Glebe to rav'nous *Spaniards* known,
He marks, and makes the Golden World our own,
Content with Hands unsoil'd to guard the Prize,
And keep the Store with undesiring Eyes.

So round the Tree that bore *Hesperian* Gold,
The sacred Watch lay curl'd in many a Fold,
His Eyes up-rearing to th' untasted Prey,
The sleepless Guardian wasted Life away.

Beneath the peaceful Olives, rais'd by You,
Her ancient Pride shall ev'ry Art renew,
(The Arts with You fam'd *Harcourt* shall defend,
And courtly *Bolinbroke* the Muse's Friend.)
With piercing Eye some search where Nature plays,
And trace the Wanton through her darksome Maze,
Whence Health from Herbs; from Seeds how Groves
How vital streams in circling Eddies run. [begun]
Some teach why round the Sun the Spheres advance,
In the fix'd Measures of their mystic Dance,

Now *Rivers*, when heav'd by swelling *Moons*, o'erflow;
And Sun-born *Iris* paints her show'ry Bow.
In happy Chains our daring Language bound;
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,
But buskin'd Bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And *Grecian* Plans reform *Britannia's* Stage:
Till *Congreve* bids her smile, *Augusta* stands
And longs to weep when flowing *Rowe* commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our Morals, and our Taste refine,
Fight Virtue's Cause, stand up in Wit's Defence;
Win us from Vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, *Prior*, hast thou hush'd the Trump in vain,
Thy Lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain;
New Tales shall now be told; if right I see,
The Soul of *Chaucer* is restor'd in Thee.
Garth, in Majestick Numbers, to the Stars
Shall raise Mock-Heroes, and fantastick Wars;
Like the young spreading Laurel, *Pope*, thy Name
Shoots up with strength, and rises into Fame;
With *Philips* shall the peaceful Vallies ring,
And *Britain* hear a second *Spenser* sing.
That much-lov'd Youth, whom *Utrecht's* Walls confine,
To *Bristol's* Praises shall his *Strafford's* join:
He too, from whom attentive *Oxford* draws
Rules for just Thinking, and Poetick Laws,

To

To growing Bards his learned Aid shall lend,
The strictest Critick, and the kindest Friend.
Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude Essays
Scarce hope for Pardon, not aspire to Praise,
Cherish'd by You in Time may grow to Fame,
And mine survive with *Bristol's* glorious Name.

Fir'd with the Views this glitt'ring Scene displays,
And smit with Passion for my Country's Praise,
My artless Reed attempts this lofty Theme,
Where sacred *Isis* rows her ancient Stream:
In Cloyster'd Domes the great *Philippa's* Pride,
Where Learning blooms, while Fame and Worth preside
Where the Fifth *Henry's* Arts and Arms was taught,
And *Edward* form'd his *Cressy*, yet unfought,
Where Laurel'd Bards have struck the warbling Strings
The Seat of Sages, and the Nurse of Kings.
Here thy Commands, O *Lancaster*, inflame
My eager Breast, to raise the *British* Name,
Urge on my Soul, with no ignoble Pride,
To woo the Muse, whom *Addison* enjoy'd,
See that bold Swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,
Pursue at Distance, and his Steps adore.

A N Pri

ODE

TO THE

Creator of the World.

Occasion'd by the

FRAGMENTS of ORPHEUS.

*Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus?-----*

*Qui mare & terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis?*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum. Horat.*

The THIRD EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Printed for John Henly, Book-
seller, at the Black-a-Moor's-Head
in Castle-street, M DCC XIII.

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INTRODUCTION

T O T H E

Following O D E.

THAT the Praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest Subject for the Sublime way of Writing, was the most antient Use of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper Instance (next to Examples of Holy Write,) than from the Greek Fragments of Orpheus; a Relique of great Antiquity: They contain several Verses concerning God, and his making and governing the Universe; which, tho' imperfect, have many noble Hints and lofty Expressions. Yet whether these Verses were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Musick, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus who lived about the Time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the Doctrines of Orpheus, is a Question of little Use or Importance.

A large Paraphrase of These in French Verse has been prefix'd to the Translation of Phocylides, but in a flat Stile, much inferior to the Design. The following Ode, with many Alterations and Additions proper to a Modern Poem, is attempted upon the same Model, in a Language which having stronger Sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best Critick Rapin, more capable of sustaining great Subjects.

A N

AN ODE

TO THE

Creator of the World.

Occasion'd by the Fragments of Orpheus.

I.

O Muse unfeign'd! O true celestial Fire,
Brighter than that which rules the Day,

Descend! a Mortal Tongue inspire

To sing some great Immortal Lay;

Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated Lyre!

Hence ye Prophane! be far away!

Hence all Ye impious Slaves that bow

To Idol Lusts, or Altars raise

And to false Heroes give fantastick Praise!

And Hence ye Gods, who to a Crime your spurious
Beings owe!

But hear O Heav'n and Earth and Seas profound!

Hear Ye unfathom'd Deeps below,

And let your ecchoing Vaults repeat the sound ;
Let Nature, trembling all around,
Attend her Master's awful Name,
From whom Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and all the wide
Creation came.

II.

He spoke the great Command, and Light,
Heav'n's eldest born and fairest Child,
Flash'd in the low'ring Face of ancient Night,
And, pleas'd with its own Birth, serenely smil'd.

The Sons of Morning, on the Wing,
Hov'ring in Choirs his Praises sing,
When from th' unbounded vacuous space
A beauteous rising World they saw ;
When Nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd Face,
And Motion took th' establish'd Law
To roll the various Globes on high ;
When Time was taught his Infant Wings to try,
And from the Barrier sprung to his appointed Race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, still the same !
'Tis He, the great inspiring Mind,
That animates and moves this Universal Frame,
Present at once in all, and by no Place confin'd.

Not

Not Heav'n it self can bound his Sway,
Beyond th' untravell'd Limits of the Sky,
Invisible to Mortal Eye
He dwells in uncreated Day.
Without Beginning, without End; 'tis He
That fills th'unmeasur'd growing Orb of vast Immensity.

IV.

What Pow'r but His can rule the changeful Main,
And wake the sleeping Storm, or its loud Rage restrain?
When Winds their gather'd Forces try,
And the chaf'd Ocean proudly swells in vain,
His Voice reclaims th' impetuous Roar;
In murm'ring Tides th' Abated Billows fly,
And the spent Tempest dies upon the Shore.
The Meteor World is his, Heav'n's Wintry Store,
The moulded Hail, the feather'd Snow;
The Summer Breeze, the soft refreshing Show'r,
The loose divided Cloud, and many colour'd Bow;
The crooked Lightning darts around,
His Sov'reign Orders to fulfill;
The shooting Flame obeys th' Eternal Will,
Launch'd from his Hand, instructed where to kill,
Or rive the Mountain Oak, or blast th'unshelter'd
[Ground.

V.

Yet pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He, with a Father's tender Care,
 Supports the num'rous Family
 That Peoples Earth, and Sea, and Air.
 From Nature's Giant Race; th' enormous Elephant;
 Down to the Insect Worm; and creeping Ant ;
 From th' Eagle, Sov'reign of the Sky,
 To each inferior Feather'd Brood,
 From Crowns, and purple Majesty
 To humble Shepherds on the Plains,
 His Hand unseen divides to All their Food,
 And the whole World of Life sustains.

V I.

At one wide View His Eye surveys
 His Works, in every distant Clime ;
 He shifts the Seasons, Months, and Days,
 The short-liv'd Offspring of revolving Time ;
 By turns they die, by turns are born ;
 Now chearful *Spring* the Circle leads,
 And strows with Flow'rs, the smiling Meads ;
 Gay *Summer* next whom Rustic Robes adorn,
 And waving Fields of Yellow Corn ;
 Then *Autumn*, who with lavish Stores the Lap of Nature spreads

Decreases

Decrepit *Winter*, laggard in the Dance,
(Like feeble Age oppress'd with Pain)
A heavy Season does maintain,
With driving Snows, and Winds, and Rain ;
Till Spring recruited to advance,
The various Year rows round again.

VII.

But who, Thou great Ador'd ! who can withstand
The Terrors of thy lifted Hand,
When long provok'd, thy Wrath awakes,
And conscious Nature to her Center shakes ?
Rais'd by thy Voice, the Thunder flies,
Hurling pale Fear, and wild Confusion round ;
How dreadful is th' inimitable Sound,
The Shock of Earth, and Seas, and Labour of the Skies !
Then where's Ambition's haughty Crest ?
Where the gay Head of wanton Pride ?
See ! Tyrants fall, and with the opening Ground
Wou'd take them quick to shades of Rest,
And in their common Parent's Breast
From thee their bury'd Forms for ever hide ;
In vain----- for all the Elements conspire,
The shatter'd Earth, the rushing Sea,
Tempestuous Air, and raging Fire,
To Punish vile Mankind, and fight for Thee ;

Not

[30]

Nor Death it self can intercept the Blow;
Eternal is the Guilt, and without End the Woe.

VIII.

O *Cyrus*! *Alexander*! *Julius*! all
Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this Balll
Once Gods of Earth, the *living* Destinies
That made a hundred Nations bow!
Where's your Extent of Empire now?
Say where preserv'd your Phantom Glory lies?
Can Brais the fleeting Thing secure?
Enshrin'd in Temples does it stay?
Or in huge Amphitheatres endure
The Rage of rowling Time, and scorn Decay?
Ah no! the mouldring Monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded Hopes betray,
Nor shew th' ambitious Founder's Name,
Mix'd with your selves in the same Mass of Clay.

IX.

Proceed my Muse! Time's wasting Thread pursue,
And see at last th' unravell'd Clue,
When Cities sink, and Kingdoms are no more,
And weary Nature shall her Work give o'er.

Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his Hand the Book of Fate!
Myriads of Spirits fill the Sky
T'attend, with dread Solemnity,
The World's last Scene, and Time's concluding Date.
The feeble Race of short-liv'd Vanity
And sickly Pomp at once shall dye;
Foul Guilt to Midnight Caves will shrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her Flight,
And curse at Heav'n's pursuing Light,
Surrounded with the Vengeance of that Day.
How will you then, ye Impious, scape your Doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your Clouds of painted Bliss shall melt before your Sight,
Yet shall you not the giddy Chace refrain,
Nor hope more solid Bliss t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the Joys You knew before;
ut sigh a long Eternity of Pain,
Toft in an Ocean of Desire, yet never find a Shore,

X.

But see where the mild Sov'reign sits prepar'd
His better Subjects to reward!
Where am I now! what Pow'r Divine
Transports me! what immortal Splendors shine!

Ter-

[3]

Torrents of Glory that oppress the Sight !
What Joys, celestial King ! thy Throne surround !
The Sun, who, with thy borrow'd Beams so bright,
Sees not his Peer in all the Starry Round,
 Wou'd here diminish'd fade away,
 Like his pale Sister of the Night,
When she resigns her delegated Light,
 Lost in the Blaze of Day.

Here Wonder only can take Place ;-----

Then Muse, th' adventurous Flight forbear !
These Mystick Scenes thou canst no farther trace ;
Hope may some boundless Future Bliss embrace ;

 But *What*, or *When*, or *How*, or *Where*,
Are Mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain ;
Nor can the narrow Cells of human Brain
The vast immeasurable Thought contain.

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ESSAY
ON
POETRY:

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By the Right Honourable the
Earl of *MURLGRAVE*.



DUBLIN:

Printed for John Henly, Book-
seller, at the *Black-a-Moor's-Head*
in *Castle-street*, MDCCLXIII.

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P O E T R Y.

O F things in which Mankind does most excell;
Nature's chief Master-piece is *Writing well* ;
And of all sorts of Writing none there are
That can the least with *Poetry* compare :
No kind of Work requires so nice a touch,
And if well finish'd, nothing shines so much ;
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the *Vulgar* with that Sacred Name ;
'Tis not a flash of *Fancy* which sometimes
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes ;
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done ;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun ;
Which tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.

Number, and Rhime, and that harmonious Sound,
Which never does the Ear with *Harshness* wound,
Are necessary, yet but *vulgar Arts*,
For all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the Structure of the whole
Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul* ;
A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,
As that of *Nature* moves the World about ;
A *Heat*, which glows in ev'ry word that's writ,
'Tis something of *Divine*, and more than *Wit* ;
It self unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none,
Where dost thou dwell ? What Caverns of the Brain
Can such a vast, and mighty thing contain ?
When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
O where, dost thou retire ? and why dost thou return
Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away
From *Pleasures* of the Night, and *Bus'ness* of the Day ;
Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain
To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.
As all is *Dulness*, when the *Fancy's* bad,
So without *Judgment* *Fancy* is but mad ;
And *Judgment* has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the choice of *Words*, or *Sense*,
But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men* ;
Fancy is but the *Feather* of the *Pen* :

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Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the *Heart*.

Here I should all the various sorts of *Verse*,

And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse,

But who that Task can after *Horace* do ?

The best of *Masters*, and *Examples* too !

Ecchoes at best, all we can say is vain,

Dull the Design, and fruitless were the pain ;

'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with ease,

But who with that sad shift himself can please,

Without an *Actor's* pride ? A *Player's* Art

Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.

Yet *modern* Laws are made for later Faults,

And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts* ;

What need has *Satyr* then to live on *Theft*,

When so much *fresh* occasion still is left ?

Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,

And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds :

But hold, the *Fools* shall have no cause to fear,

'Tis *Wit*, and *Sense* that is the Subject here ;

Defects of witty Men *deserve* a Cure,

And those who are so, will ev'n *this* endure.

First then of *Songs*, which now so much abound,

Without his * *Song* no Fop is to be found, * *Songs*

A most offensive Weapon which he draws

On all he meets against *Apollo's* Laws :

Tho' nothing seems more easie, yet no part

Reason of Poetry requires a nicer Art ;

For as in rows of richest Pearl there lies
 Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,
 The least of which *Defects* is plainly shewn
 In some *small Ring*, and brings the value down ;
 So *Songs* should be to just *Perfection* wrought ;
 Yet where can we see one without a fault ;
 Exact *Propriety* of Words and Thought ?
Expression easie, and the *Fancy* high,
 Yet *that* not seem to creep, nor *this* to fly ;
 No Words *transpos'd*, but in such *order* all ,
 As, tho' hard wrought, may seem by chance to fall.
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit
 Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to Wit ;
 Such *nauseous Songs* by a late Author made
 Call an *unwilling* Censure on his *Shade*.
 Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting Joy,
 Can shock the *chastest*, or the *nicest* cloy ;
 But *obscene* Words, too gross to move Desire,
 Like heaps of *Fewel* do but *choak* the Fire.
 On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,
 But palls that Appetite he meant to raise.

Next, * ELEGY, of *sweet*, but *solemn* Voice,
 And of a *Subject* grave exacts the Choice, * Elegy
 The Praise of *Beauty*, *Valour*, *Wit* contains,
 And there too oft despairing *Love* complains :
 In vain alas, for who by *Wit* is mov'd,
 That *Phœnix* she deserves to be belov'd ;

But noisy Nonsense, and such Fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that *Fantastick* Sex;
This to the Praise of those who better knew;
The *Many* raise the value of the *Few*.

But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
Women have drawn my wandring Thoughts aside.
Their greatest Fault who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in Words, nor want of Wit;
But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,
And every Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,
If yet a just *Coherence* be not made
Between each Thought, and the whole *Model* laid
So right, that every *step* may higher rise,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the *Skies*;
Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will,
But not an *Elegy*, nor Writ with Skill,
No * *Panegyrick*, nor a † *Coopers Hill*:

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force
Are || *O D E S*, the Muse's, most unruly Horse;
That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no rest,
But foams at Mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fir'd.

* *Waller's* † *Denham's*. || *Pindarick Odes*.

Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with *Nature* joyn'd the Rules of *Art* ;
But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Allay*
To that rich *Fancy*, which can ne'er decay ;
Tho' all appear in Heat, and Fury done,
The *Language* still must *soft*, and *easy* run.
These Laws may seem a little too severe,
But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there ;
Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the Work much easier than it shews:

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find
To mend the Age,, and mortify Mankind,
SATYR well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the *Remedy* is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before.
Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
That stain a Beauty, which so much we love.
Of well chose Words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the Subject rough ;
This great Work must be more exactly made,
And sharpest Thoughts in smoothest Words convey'd :
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only Bus'ness was to rail ;
But human Frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a Satyr from a Scold.

Wage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down,
A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown ;
So, while you seem to slight some Rival Youth,
Malice it self may pass sometimes for Truth.
The * Laureat here may justly claim our Praise,
Crown'd by † Mac-Fleckno with immortal Bays ;
Tho' prais'd, and punish'd for another's * Rhimes,
His own deserve as great Applause sometimes ;
But once his Pegasus has born dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish Minister of State.
Here rest, my Muse, suspend my Cares a while,
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil ;
And as some Eagle that designs to fly
A long unwonted Journey through the Sky,
Considers all the dang'rous way before,
Over what Lands and Seas she is to soar,
Doubts her own Strength so far, and justly fears
That lofty Road of Airy Travellers ;
But yet incited by some fair Design,
That does her Hopes beyond her Fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry Feather, views her self with Care,
At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding Air ;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last.

* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satyrical Poem of his.

* A libel, for which he was both applauded, and
founded, tho' intirely innocent of the whole matter.

So (but too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper Note to sing ;
And why should Truth offend when only told
To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Bold* ?
On then, my Muse, adventrously engage,
To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

The *Unities* of Action, Time and Place, * *Play*
Which if observ'd, give * *PLAYS* so great a Grace,
Are, tho' but little *practis'd*, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From *nicer* Faults to purge the present Age,
Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, *SOLILOQUES* had need be few,
Extremely *short*, and spoke in *Passion* too ;
Our Lovers talking to themselves for want
Of others, make the *Pit* their *Confidant* ;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us ;
Th' occasion should as *naturally* fall ;
As when * *Bellarion* confesses all.

FIGURES of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
Art's *needless* Varnish to make nature shine,
Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous Face,
And in *Descriptions* only claim a place.
But to make *Rage* declaim, and *Grief* Discourse,
From Lovers in despair fine things to force,

* 1 *Philaster*, A Play of *Baumont* and *Fletcher*.

Must needs succeed, for who can chuse but pity
A dying Hero miserably witty?
But oh, the Dialogues, where jest, and mock
Is held up like a Rest at Shittle-cock!
Or else like Bells, Eternally they chime,
They *figb* in *Simile*, and *die* in *Rhime*.
What *Things* are these, who would be *Poets* thought,
By *Nature* not inspir'd, nor *Learning* taught?
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better Course than this by which they *starve*,
But to write Plays! why 'tis a bold pretence
To *Judgment*, *Breeding*, *Wit*, and *Eloquence*;
Nay more; for they must look *within* to find
Those *secret Turns* of *Nature* in the *Mind*;
Without this part in vain would be the whole;
And but a *Body* all without a *Soul*:
All this together yet is but a *Part*
Of *Dialogue*, that great, and *Pow'rful Art*,
Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,
From whence the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since but by a few:
Plato, and *Lucian* are the best Remains
Of all the Wonders, which this *Art* contains;
Yet to our selves, we *Justice* must allow,
Shakespear, and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now:
Consider them, and read them o'er, and o'er,
Go see them play'd, then read them as before.

For

For tho' in many things they grossly fail,
Over our Passions still they so prevail,
That our own Grief by their's is rock'd asleep,
The *Dull* are forc'd to feel, the *wise* to weep.
Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults ;
First on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts ;
Turn it with time a thousand sev'ral ways,
This oft alone has giv'n success to Plays :
Reject that *vulgar Error* which appears
So fair, of making perfect Characters ;
There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A *faultless Monster*, which the World ne'er saw ;
Some *Faults* must be, that his Misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve Compassion too ;
Besides the main Design compos'd with Art,
Each *moving Scene* must be a *Plot* apart ;
Contrive each little *turn*, mark every place,
As *Painters* first *chalk* out the future Face ;
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where *shining* thoughts to place,
As what a Man would say in *such* a *Case*.
Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,
The *Player* too must be before your Eyes,
And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your utmost meaning show.

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* An

Expose no *single* Fop, but lay the Load
 More *equally*, and spread the Folly broad;
 The other way is *vulgar*, oft we see
 A Fool *derided* by as bad as *he*;
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low way;
 A very Owl may prove a Bird of Prey;
 Ill Poets so will one poor Fop devour;
 but to collect, like Bees from every Flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious Juice,
 Which serves the World for *Pleasure* and for *use*;
 In spite of Faction this would Favour get:

But * *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

Another Fault which often does befall,
 Is when the Wit of some great Poet shall
 So *overflow*, that is, be none at all,
 That all his Fools speak *Sense*, as if *possess*,
 And each by *Inspiration* breaks his *Jest*;
 If once the *Justness* of each part be lost,
 Well we may laugh, but at the Poets Cost.
 That silly thing, Men call *Sheer-Wit*, avoid,
 With which our Age so nauceously is cloy'd;
Humour is all, *Wit* should be only brought
 To turn agreeably some *proper* Thought.
 But since the Poets we of late have known,
 Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their own,

* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakespear's*.

The better by *Example* to convince,
Cast but a view on this *wrong side* of Sence.

First a Soliloquy is *calmly* made,
Where every Reason is *exactly* weigh'd ;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
A *Hero* frighted at the Noise of Drums
For *her* sweet sake, whom at *first sight* he loves,
And all in *Metaphor* his passion proves ;
But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown
Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone,

He streight grows *jealous*, yet we know not why,
And to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will dye :
But first he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells
The *absent* Nymph how much his Flame excels ;
And yet bequeaths her *generously* now
To that dear Rival whom he does not know,
Who streight appears (but who can Fate withstand ?)
Too late alas to hold his hasty Hand,
That just hast giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,
At which this very *Stranger's* Heart is broke ;
He more to his *new* Friend than Mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind,
Of such a Death prefers the pleasing *charms*
To *Love*, and living in a Lady's Arms.

How shameful, and what monstrous things are these ?
And then they rail at those they cannot please,

Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*;
And grudge the Sign of old *Ben. Johnson's Head* ;
When the *intrinsick* Value of the Stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a *following Age* ;
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian Songs*, and Rhime
May keep up *sinking* Nonsense for a time ;
But that may fail, which now so much o'r rule's
And *Sence* no longer will *submit* to Fools.

By painful Steps we are at last got up
to *Parnassus Hill*, on whose bright Airy Top
the * *Epick Poets* so divinely show,
and with *just Pride* behold the rest below.

* *Epick*
Poetry.

Epic Poems have a just pretence
to be the utmost reach of human Sence,
Work of such inestimable Worth,
there are but *two* the World has yet brought forth,
Homer and *Virgil* : with what awful sound
those meer Words the Ears of Poets wound !
As a *Changeling* seems below the rest
Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast,
these *Gigantick* Souls amaz'd we find
much above the rest of human kind.
Their whole strength *united* ! endless Fame,
universal Shouts attend their Name.
Homer once, and you can read no more,
all things else appear so dull and poor.

Verse will seem *Prose*, yet often on him look,
 And you will hardly need another Book.
 Had * *Bosſu* never writ, the World had still,
 Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous piece of Skill,
 As ſomething of *Divine* the Work admired,
 Not hoped to be *Inſtructed*, but *Inſpired*;
 But he diſcloſing ſacred *Mysteries*,
 Has ſhown where all the mighty *Magick* lies,
 Deſcrib'd the *Seeds*, and in what order ſown,
 That have to ſuch a vaſt proportion grown,
 Sure from ſome *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,
 Who through this *Labyrinth* has given the *Clue* !
 But what, alas, avails it poor Mankind
 To ſee this promiſed Land, yet ſtay behind ?
 The Way is ſhown, but who has ſtrength to go ?
 Who can all *Sciences* exactly know ?
 Whoſe *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason's* Sight,
 And yet has *Judgment* to direct it right ?
 Whoſe juſt Diſcernment, *Viril-like*, is ſuch,
 Never to ſay too little, or too much ?
 Let ſuch a Man begin without delay,
 But he muſt do much more than I can ſay,
 Muſt above *Cowley*, nay, and *Milton* too prevail,
 Succeed where great *Torquato*, and our greater *Spencer*

ESSAY

ON

Translated *VERSE*.

BY THE

EARL of ROSCOMON.

----*Fungar vice Cotis, acutum
addere quæ ferrum valet Exors ipsa secandi.*

Hor. de Art. Poet.

Cape Dona Extrema Tuorum. V. 3. Æ.

DUBLIN:

Printed for John Hen'ly, Book-
seller, at the *Black-a-Moor's-Head*
in *Castle-street*, M DCC XIII.

B  M

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'Tis
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TO THE
Earl of ROSCOMON,
On his Excellent
ESSAY
ON
Translated VERSE.

W Hether the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrian* Shore,
The seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,
'Tis sure the noble Plant translated first,
Advanc'd its head in *Grecian* Gardens nurst.
The *Grecians* added Verse, their tuneful Tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God their Song.
Nor stopt Translation here : For conquering *Rome*
With *Grecians* Spoils, brought *Grecian* Numbers home ;
Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield before.
'Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous Times
Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhimes ;
Those rude at first : a kind of hobbling Prose :
That limp'd along, and tinc'd in the close :

But

But *Italy* reviving from the Trance
Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkish* ignorance;
With pauses, cadence, and well vowel'd words,
And all the Graces a good Ear affords,
Made Rhyme an Art; and *Dante's* polish'd page
Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden Age :
Then *Petarch* follow'd, and in him we see,
What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be ;
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity :
The *French* pursu'd their steps ; and *Britain*, last
In Manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*
Appear exalted in the *British* Loom ;
The Muses Empire is restor'd agen;
In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roscommon's* Pen.
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finish'd Poem an *ESSAY* ;
For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here ;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe ;
(So well his Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear)
Nor need those Rules to give Translation light ;
His own Example is a Flame so bright ;
That he, who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance ; unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such Rules ordain ;
Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler strain.

How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,
How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost !
Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd ;
The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous Blood did flow
Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago,
That here his Conquering Ancestors were nurst ;
And *Ireland* but translated *England* first :
By this Reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending Nations fight,
A nobler quarrel for his Native Earth,
Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* Birth.
To what perfection will our Tongue arrive,
How will Invention and Translation thrive
When Authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not disdain th inglorious praise of Art !
Great Generals thus descending from Command,
With their own toil provoke the Soldiers hand :
How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear
His Fame augmented by an *English* Peer, *
How he embellishes his *Helen's* loves,
Out does his softness, and his sense improves ?
When these translate, and teach Translators too,
Nor Firstling Kid, nor any vulgar vow

* *The Earl of Mulgrave.*

Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand ;
Roscommon writes, to that auspicious hand,
 Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscommon, whom both Court and Camps commend,
 True to his Prince, and faithful to his Friend ;
Roscommon first in Fields of Honour known,
 First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown ;
 Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own.
 Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,
 Whom insus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,
 On equal terms of ancient Wit ingage,
 Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* page :
 Our *English* Palace opens wide in state ;
 And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

John Dryden.

A N

AN
ESSAY
ON

Translated VERSE.

H Appy that *Author*, whose correct *Essay*,
Repairs so well our old *Horatian way* ;
And happy you, who by propitious Fate
To great *Apollo's Sacred Standard* wait.
And with *strict Discipline* instructed right,
Have learnt to use your *Arms* before you fight.
Since the *Press*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Stage*
Conspire to *censure*, and *expose* the *Age* ;
Provok'd too far we resolutely must
The few *Virtues* that we have be just.
Who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To search the *Treasures* of the *Roman Store*,
Dig in *Græcian Mines* for purer Oar ?
The noblest *Fruits* transplanted in our Isle,
With early *Hope*, and *Fragrant Blossoms* smile.
Familiar *Ovid tender Thoughts* inspires,
And *Nature* seconds all his soft *Desires* ;

Theocritus

[50]
Theocritus does now to us belong ;
And *Albion's Rocks* repeat his *rural Song*.
Who hath not heard how *Italy* was blest,
Above the *Mede*, above the wealthy *East* ?
Or *Gallus Song*, so tender and so true,
As ev'n *Lycoris* might with *Pity* view.
When mourning *Nymphs* attend their *Daphnes's* Herse,
Who doth not weep, that reads the moving *Verse*.
But hear, O hear, in what exalted *Strains*
Scivilian Muses thro' these happy *Plains*,
Proclaim *Saturnian Times*, our own *Apollo* reigns ?

When *France* had breath'd after intestine *Broils*,
And *Peace* and *Conquest* crown'd her Foreign *Toils*,
There (cultivated by a *Royal Hand*)
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the *Land* ;
The choicest *Books* that *Rome* and *Greece* have known
Her excellent *Translators* made her own,
And *Europe* still considerably gains,
Both by their good *Example* and their *Pains*.
From hence our generous *Emulation* came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the same :
But now we shew the *World* another way,
And in *Translated Verse* do more than they.
Serene and clear *harmonious Horace* flows,
With *Sweetness* not to be express'd in *Prose*.

Degrading Prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the *Stuff* but not the Workman's *Skill*.
I who have serv'd him more than Twenty years,
Scarce know my *Master* as he there appears,
Vain are our *Neighbours hopes*, and vain their *Cares*,
The fault is more the *Languages* than theirs.
Tis courtly florid, and abounds in *Words*,
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in *French Authors* see
The comprehensive *English Energy*?
The weighty *Bullion* of one *Sterling Line*,
Drawn in *French Wire* would thro' whole *Pages* shine:
I speak my private but impartial *Sense*,
With *Freedom*, and I hope without *Offence*;
For I'll recant, when *France* can shew me *Wit*,
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
Tis true *Composing* is the *Nobler Part*,
But good *Translating* is no easy *Art*:
For tho' *Materials* have long since been found,
Yet both your *Fancy* and your *Hands* are bound.
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but *Judgment* more.
The Soil intended for *Pierian Seeds*,
Must be well purg'd from rank *Pedantick Weeds*.
Apollo starts, and all *Parnassus* shakes,
The rude rumbling *Baralipton* makes.

For none have been with *Admiration* read,
But who beside their *Learning* were well bred:
The first great work (a Task perform'd by few)
Is that your *self* may to your *self* be true ;
No *Masque*, no *Tricks*, no *Favour*, no *Reserve* ;
Dissect your *Mind*, examine ev'ry *Nerve*.
Whoever vainly on his *Strength* depends,
Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mævius* ends.
That *Wretch* (in spite of his forgotten *Rhymes*)
Condemn'd to live in all succeeding times ;
With pompous *Nonsense*, and a bellowing *Sound*,
Sung lofty *Ilium*, tumbling to the *Ground*.
And (if my *Muse* can thro' past *Ages* see)
That nauseous noisy, gaping *Fool* was he.
Exploded when with universal *Scorn*,
The *Mountains* labour'd, and a *Mouse* was born.
Learn, learn, *Crotona's* brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious Mortals, and be timely wise !
'Twas I that call, remember *Milo's* end,
Wedg'd in that *Timber*, which he strove to rend.
Each *Poet* with a different *Talent* writes,
One *Praises*, one *Instructs*, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to *Epick Bays*,
Nor lofty *Maro* stoop to *Lyrick Lays*,
Examine how your *Humour* is inclin'd,
And which the *Ruling Passion* of your *Mind* ;

Then,

Then, seek a *Poet* who your way do's bend,
 And chuse an *Author*, as you chuse a *Friend*.
 United by this *Sympathetick Bond*,
 You grow *Familiar*, *Intimate*, and *Fond* ;
 Your *thoughts*, your *Words*, your *Stiles*, your *Souls* agree,
 No longer his *Interpreter*, but *He*.

With how much ease is a young *Muse* betray'd,
 How nice the *Reputation* of the *Maid* !
 Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
 By chaste *Instruction* of her *Tender Tears*.
 The first *Impression* in her *Infant Breast*
 Will be the *deepest*, and should be the *best*.
 Let no *Austerity* breed servile *Fear*,
 No wanton Sound offend her *Virgin-Ear*.
 Secure from *foolish Pride's* affected state,
 And specious *Flat'ry's* most pernicious *Bait*,
Habitual Innocence adorns her *Thoughts*
 But your neglect must answer for her *Faults*:

Immodest words admit of no defence ;
 For want of *Decency*, is want of *Sense*.
 What mod'rate *Fop* wou'd rake the *Park*, or *Stews*,
 Who among *Troops* of faultless *Nymphs* may chuse ?
Variety of such is to be found ;
 Take then a Subject proper to expound :
 But *Moral*, *Great*, and worth a *Poet's Voice*,
 For Men of *sense* despise a trivial *Choice* :

And such *Applause* it must expect to meet,
As would some Painter, busy in the Street,
To Copy *Bulls* and *Bears*, and ev'ry *Sign*
That calls the *flaring Sots* to *naffy wine*.

Yet 'tis not all to have a Subject Good;
It must *delight* us when 'tis *understood*.
He that brings *fulsome Objects* to my view,
(As many *Old* have done, and many *New*)
With *nauseous Images* my *Fancy* fills,
And all goes down like *Oxymel* of *Squils*.
Instruct the list'ning World how *Maro* sings
Of *useful Subjects*, and of *lofty Things*.
These will such true, such bright *Idea's* raise,
As merit *Gratitude*, as well as *Praise*.
But *foul Descriptions* are *offensive* still,
Either for being *Like*, or being *Ill*.
For who, without a *Qualm*, hath ever lookt,
On *Holy Garbage*, tho' by *Homer Cookt*?
Whose *Railing Heroes*, and whose *wounded Gods*,
Make some suspect, he *Snores*, as well as *Nods*.
But I offend---- *Virgil* begins to frown,
And *Horace* looks with *Indignation* down.
My blushing Muse with *Conscious fear* retires,
And whom *I* *like*, *Implicitly Admires*.
On *sure Foundations* let your *Fabrick Rise*,
And with *attractive Majesty* surprise,

Not by affected, meritorious Arts,
But strict harmonious Symetry of Parts;
Which thro' the whole, insensibly must pass,
With vital Heat to animate the Mass:
A pure, an Active, an Auspicious flame,
And bright as Heav'n, from which the Blessing came;
But few, oh few, Souls præordain'd by Fate,
The Race of Gods, have reacht that envy'd Height.
No Rebel Titans sacrilegious Crime,
By beaping Hills on Hills can thither climb.
The Grizzly Ferry-man of Hell deny'd
Æneas entrance till he knew his Guide;
How justly then will impious Mortals fall;
Whose Pride would soar to Heav'n without a call?
Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault;
Proceeds from want of Sense, or want of Thought;
The Men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast.
For if your Author be profoundly good,
T'will cost you dear before he's understood.
How many Ages since has Virgil writ?
How few are they who understand him yet?
Approach his Altars with Religious fear,
No vulgar Deity inhabits there;
Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's Imperial Nod,
Than Poets should before their Mantuan God.

Hail Mighty *Maro* ! may thy Sacred Name;
Kindle my *Breast*, with thy *cœlestial* flame ;
Sublime Ideas, and apt words infuse,
The Muse instruct my *Voice*, and thou inspire my *Muse*.
What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is in *Proportion* true of all the rest.
Take Pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There Sweat, there Strain, there tug the laborious Oar.
Search ev'ry *Comment* that your Care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the *Poet's* Mind ;
Yet be not blindly guided by the *Throng* ;
The *Multitude* is always in the wrong.
When *Things* appear unnatural, and hard,
Consult your *Author* with himself compar'd ;
Who knows what *Blessing Phœbus* may bestow,
And future *Ages* to thy labour owe?
Such *Secrets* are not easily found out,
But once discover'd leave no room for *Doubt*.
Truth stamps *Conviction* in the ravish'd *Breast*,
And *Peace* and *Joy* attend the glorious *Guest*:

Truth still is one, *Truth* is divinely bright,
No cloudy *Doubts* obscure her *Native Light* ;
While in your *Thoughts* you find the least *Debate*,
You may confound, but never can *Translate*.
Your *Stile* will this thro' all *Disguises* shew,
For none explain more clearly than they know.

He only proves he *understands a Text*,
Whose *Exposition* leaves it unperplext,
They who too *faithfully* on *Names* insist,
Rather create, than *dissipate the Mist*;
And grow *unjust* by being over-nice,
(For *Superstitious Virtue* turns to *Vice*)
Let *Crassus Ghost*, and *Labiennus* tell,
How twice in *Parthian Plains* their *Legions* fell,
Since *Rome* hath been so *jealous* of her *Fame*,
Few know *Pacorus* or *Monases Name*.
Words in one *Language* *elegantly us'd*,
Will hardly in another be *excus'd*:
And some that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæsar's* time,
May neither suit our *Genius*, nor our *Clime*.
The *genuine Sense* intelligibly told,
Shews a *Translator* both *Discreet* and *Bold*.
Excursions are *inexpiably* bad,
And 'tis much safer to leave out, than add.
Abstract and *Mystic Thoughts* you must express;
With *painful Care*, and *seeming Easiness*,
For *Truth* shines *brightest thro' the plainest Dress*.
Th' *Aenean Muse*, when she prepares in state.
Takes all *Jove Thunder* on her *Verses* wait.
Yet writes sometimes as soft, and moving Things,
As *Venus* speaks, or *Philomela* sings.
Our *Author* always will the best advise,
All when he falls, and when he rises rise.

Affect

Affected noise, is the most wretched Thing,
That to *Contempt*, can empty *Scriblers* bring.
Vowels and *Accents* regularly plac'd,
On even *Syllables*, (and still the last.)
Tho' *gross* innumerable *Faults* abound,
In spite of *Nonsense* never fail of Sound.
But this is meant of *even Verse* alone,
As being most *harmonious* and most *known*.
For if you will *unequal Numbers* try,
Their *Accents* on odd *Syllables* must lie,
Whatever *Sister* of the *Sacred Nine*,
Does to your *Suit* a willing *Ear* incline,
Urge your *success*, deserve a lasting *Name*,
She'll crown a grateful, and a constant *Flame*.
But if a wild *Uncertainty* prevail,
And turn your *veering Heart* with ev'ry *Gale*,
You lose the *Fruit* of all your former *Care*,
For the sad *Prospect* of a sad *Despair*:

A *Quack* (too scandalously mean to Name)
Had by Man midwifry got *Wealth* and *Fame*,
As if *Lucina* had forgot the *Trade*,
The *lab'ring Wife* invokes his surer *Aid*.
Well season'd *Bowls*, the *Gossips Spirits* raise,
Who while she *guzzles*, chats the *Doctor's Praise*.
And largely what she wants in *Words*, supplies.
With *Maudling Eloquence* of *trickling Eyes*.

But what a thoughtless *Animal* is *Man*,
(How very *Active* in his own *Trepan* !)
For greedy of *Physicians* frequent *Fees*,
From *Female Mellow Praise* he takes *Degrees* ?
Struts in a new *Unlicens'd Gown*, and then,
From *saving Women* falls to *Killing Men*.
Another such had left the *Nation Thin*;
In spite of all the *Children* he brought in.
His *Pills*, as thick as *Hand Granadoes* flew,
And where they fell, as certainly they flew.
His *Name* struck ev'ry where as great a *Damp*
As *Archimedes* through the *Roman Camp*.
With this, the *Doctors Pride* began to *Cool*,
For *Smarting soundly* may convince a *Fool*.
But now *Repentance* came too late, for *Grace* ;
And meager *Famine* star'd him in the *Face*.
Again would he to the *Wives* be reconcil'd ,
But found no *Husband* left to own a *Child*.
The *Friends*, that got the *Brats* were poyson'd too ;
In this sad case what could our *Vermin* do ?
Worry'd with *Debts*, and past all *Hope* of *Bail*,
This unpitied wretch lies *Rotting* in a *Jail*.
And there with *Basket Alms*, scarce kept *alive*,
Shows how *Mistaken Talents* ought to *Thrive* ;
O pity, from my *Soul*, *Unhappy Men*,
Compell'd by want to *Prostitute* their *Pen* ;

Who

Who must, like *Lawyers*, either *starve* or *plead*,
 And *follow*, right or wrong, where *Guineas* lead ;
 But you, *Pompilian*, *wealthy*, *pamper'd Heirs*,
 Who to your *Country* owe your *Swords* and *Cares*.
 Let no vain hope your easie mind seduce,
 For *Rich ill Poets* are without *Excuse*.

'Tis very Dang'r'ous, *Tampring* with a *Muse*
 The *Profit's small*, and you have *much to lose* ;
 For, tho' true *Wit* adorns your *Birth* or *Place*,
Degenerate lines *degrade* th' *attainted Race*,
 No Poet any *Passion* can *Excite* ;
 But what they feel transport them when they write.
 Have you been led through the *Cumæan Cave*.
 And heard th' *Impatient Maid Divinely Rave* ?
 I hear her now ; I see her *Rowling Eyes* ;
 And panting ; *Lo ! the God, the God she cries* ;
 With words, not *Hers* and more then *humane sound*,
 She makes th' obedient *Ghosts* peep trembling thro' the
 But tho we *must obey* when *Heav'n Commands*, (*Ground*
 And Man in vain the *Sacred Call withstands*,
 Beware, *what Spirit* rages in your breast,
 For ten *inspir'd ten thousand* are possess'd.
 Thus make the *proper use* of each *Extream*,
 And write with *Fury*, but *correct* which *Pbleam*.
 As when the *Chearful hours* too freely pass,
 And sparkling *Wine* smiles in the tempting *Glass*,

Your *Pulse* advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling Vein a loud retreat.
So when a *Muse* propitiouſly invites
Improve her favours, and Indulge her flights,
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another Summons wait.
Before the Radiant Sun, a Glimm'ring Lamp,
Adultrate Metals to the Sterling Stamp,
Appear not meaner, than mere humane Lines,
Compar'd with thoſe whoſe *Inſpiration* ſhines;
Theſe, Nervous, bold; thoſe Languid and remiſs;
There, cold ſalutes, But, here, a Lover's kiſs,
Thus have I ſeen a Rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming Waves the Paſſive Soan divide,
Whoſe Lazy Waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his Impetuous way.

The *Privilege* that ancient Poets claim
Now turn'd to *License* but too juſt a Name,
Belongs to none but an *Eſtabliſht Fame*,
Which ſcorns to take it-----
Abſurd Expreſſions, crude, Abortive Thoughts,
All the lewd Legion of exploded ſau'ts,
Baſe Fugitives to that *Aſylum* fly,
And ſacred *Laws* with *Insolence* deſy.
Not thus our Heroes of the former Days,
Deſerv'd and Gain'd their never fading Bayes;

For

For I mistake, or far the greatest part,
Of what some call *Neglect* was *study'd Art*.
When *Virgil* seems to *Trifle* in a *Line*,
'Tis like a *Warning-peice*, which gives the *Sign*
To *Wake* your *Fancy*, and prepare your *Sight*,
To reach the noble *Height* of some *unusual Flight*.
I lose my *Patience*, when, with *Saucy Pride*,
By *untun'd Ears* I hear his *Numbers* try'd.
Reverse of *Nature*! shall such *Copies*, then
Arraign th' *Originals* of *Maro's Pen*!
And the *rude Notions* of *Pedantick Schools*,
Blaspheme the *sacred Founder* of our *Rules*!

The *Delicacy* of the *nicest Ear*
Finds nothing *barsh*, or out of *Order* there.
Sublime or *low*, *unbended* or *intense*,
The *sound* is still a *Comment* to the *Sense*.

A *skilful Ear*, in *Numbers* shou'd *preside*;
And all *Disputes* without *Appeal* decide.
This Ancient Rome, and *Elder Athens* found,
Before *mistaken Stops* *debauch'd* the *sound*.

When, by *Impulse* from *Heaven*, *Tyrtæus* sung,
In *drooping Soldiers* a new *Courage* sprung.
Reviving Sparta now the *fight* maintain'd,
And that *Two Gen'als* lost, a *Poet* gain'd.
By *secret influence* of *Indulgent Skies*,
Empire, and *Poesy* together rise.

True

* An
radice

True Poets are the Guardians of a State,
And when they fail, portend approaching Fate.
For that which Rome to Conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses fire;
Heavens joyns the Blessings, no declining Age,
E'er felt the Raptures of Poetick Rage:

Of many faults, Rhyme is (perhaps) the Cause,
Too strict to Rhyme we slight more useful Laws.
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by Barbarian Deluges o'erflown,
Subdu'd, Undone, They did at last, Obey,
And change their own for their Invaders way.

I grant that from some Mossie Idol Oak
In Double Rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned Times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on the Chimes.

But now that Phoebus and the sacred Nine,
With all their Beams on our blest Island shine,
Why should not We their ancient Rites restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

Have we forgot how Raphaels Num'rous Prose
Led our exalted Souls through Heavenly Camps,
And mark'd the ground where proud Apostate Thrones^{*}
Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt Host and Host,
(A narrow but a dreadful Interval)
 portentous fight! before the Cloudy Van,

True * An Essay on blank Verse, out of the 6th Book of
Paradise lost.

Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring arm'd in Adamant and Gold.
There bellowing Engines with their fiery Tubes
Dispers'd *Ætherial Forms*, and down they fall,
By thousands, *Angels*, on *Arch-angels* rowl'd;
Recover'd, to the Hills they ran, they flew,
Which (with their pond'rous Load, Rocks, Waters, Wood,
From their firm Seals torn by their shaggy Tops
They bore, like Shields before them thro' the Air,
'Till more incens'd, they hurl'd them on their Foes.
All was Confusion, Heav'n's Foundations shook,
Threatning no less than universal wrack.
For Michael's Arm main Promontorys flung,
And overprest their Legions weak with Sin;
Yet they blasphem'd, and struggled as they lay,
'Till the great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
And (arm'd with Vengeance) God's Victorious Son.
(Effulgence of Paternal Deity)
Grasping ten thousand Thunders in his hand,
Drove th' old original Rebels headlong down,
And sent them flaming to the vast Abyss.
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud Pæans thro' the crowded way,
When in triumphant state, the British Muse,
True to her self all barb'arous Aid refuse;
And in the Roman Majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

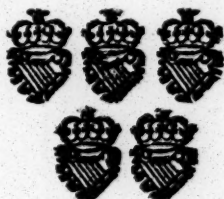
ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

.....*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; sinon, his utere mecum.*

HORAT.



DUBLIN:

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AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

It is hard to say, if greater want of Skill
Appear in *Writing* or in *Judging* ill ;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' Offence,
To tire our *Patience*, than mis-lead our *Sense* :
Some few in *that*, but Numbers err in *this*,
Ten Censure wrong for one who Writes amiss ;
A Fool might once *himself* alone expose,
Now *One* in *Verse* makes many more in *Prose*.

'Tis with our *Judgments* as our *Watches*, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In *Poets* as true *Genius* is but rare,
True *Taste* as seldom is the *Critick's* Share ;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their Light,
These born to Judge, as well as those to Write.

† Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true,
But are not *Criticks* to their *Judgment* too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
* Most have the *Seeds* of *Judgment* in their *Mind* ;
Nature affords at least a *glimm'ring Light* ;
The *Lines*, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right,
But as the slightest *Sketch*, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill *col'ring* but the more disgrac'd,
So by *false Learning* is *good Sense* defac'd ;
Some are bewilder'd in the *Maze* of *Schools*,
And some made *Coxcombs*, *Nature* meant but *Fools* :
In search of *Wit* these lose their *common Sense*,
And then turn *Criticks* in their own *Defence*.
Those hate as *Rivals* all that write ; and others
But envy *Wits*, as *Eunuchs* envy *Lovers*.
All *Fools* have still an *Itching* to deride,
And fain wou'd be upon the *Laughing Side* :
If *Mævius* *Scribe* in *Apollo's* spight,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

†-----De *Piçore Sculptore, Fiçore, nisi Artifex ju-*
dicare non potest, *Pliny*.

* *Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut*
ratione, quæ sint in artibus, ac rationibus recta, ac prava
dijudicant. *Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.*

Some

Some have at first for *Wits*, then *Poets* past,
Turn'd *Criticks* next, and prov'd plain *Fools* at last;
Some neither can for *Wits*, nor *Criticks* pass,
As heavy *Mules* are neither *Horse*, nor *Ass*.
Those half-learn'd *Witlings*, num'rous in our *Isle*,
As half-form'd *Insects* on the *Banks of Nile*;
Unfinish'd Things, one knows not what to call,
Their *Generation's* so *equivocal* :

To tell 'em, wou'd a *hundred Tongues* require,
Or one *vain Wit's*, that wou'd a *hundred* tire.

But you, who seek to give, and merit *Fame*,
And justly bear a *Critick's* noble *Name*,
Be sure your *self*, and your own *Reach* to know,
How far your *Genius*, *Taste*, and *Learning* go ;
Launch not beyond your *Depth*, but be discreet,
And mark that *Point* where *Sense*, and *Dulness* meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the *Limits* fir,
And wisely Curb'd proud *Man's* pretending *Wit* :
As on the *Land* while *here* the *Ocean* gains;
In other *Parts* it leaves wide *sandy Plains* ;
Thus in the *Soul* while *Memory* prevails,
The solid *Pow'r* of *Understanding* fails ;
Where *Beams* of warm *Imagination* play,
The *Memory's* soft *Figures* melt away :
The *Science* only will one *Genius* fit ;
Vast is *Art*, so narrow *Human Wit* :

Not

Not only bounded to *peculiar Arts*,
But ev'n in *those*, confin'd to *single Parts*.
Like Kings we lose the Conquests gain'd before;
By vain Ambition still t'extend them more :
Each might his *sev'ral Province* well command,
Wou'd all but *stoop* to what they *understand*.

First follow *Nature*, and your Judgment frame
By her just Standard, which is still the same :
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One *clear, unchang'd*, and *Universal Light*,
Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart,
At once the *Source*, and *End*, and *Test* of *Art*.
That *Art* is best which most resembles *Her* ;
Which still *presides*, yet never does *Appear* ;
In some fair Body thus the sprightly Soul
With spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the whole,
Each Motion guides, and ev'ry Nerve sustains ;
It self unseen, but in th' *Effects*, remains.
There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it ;
For *Wit*, and *Judgment* ever are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's Aid, like *Man*, and *Wife*.
'Tis more to *guide* than *spur* the Muse's Steed ;
Restrain his Fury, than provoke his Speed ;
The winged Courser, like a gen'rous Horse ;
Shows most true Mettle, when you *check* his Course.

These

Time, n

Those Rules of old *discover'd*, not *devis'd*,
 Are Nature still, but Nature *Methodiz'd* ;
 Nature, like *Monarchy*, is but restrain'd .
 By the same Laws, which first *herself* ordain'd :
 First learned *Greece* just Precepts did indite,
 When to repress, and when indulge our Flight :
 High on *Parnassus'* Top her Sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous Paths they trod,
 Held from afar, aloft, th' Immortal Prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise ;
 From great *Examples* useful Rules were giv'n ;
 She drew from *them*, what they deriv'd from *Heav'n*.
 The gen'rous Critick fann'd the *Poet's* Fire,
 And taught the World, with Reason to Admire.
 When Criticism the Muse's Handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her Charms, and make her more belov'd ;
 The following Wits from that Intention stray'd ;
 Who cou'd not win the Mistress, woo'd the Maid ,
 And dress'd themselves, and drove a *separate* Trade.
 Against the Poets *their own Arms* they turn'd,
 And to hate most the Men, from whom they *learn'd*.
 Modern *Pothecaries*, taught the Art
 To dress the *Doctor's Bills* to play the *Doctor's* Part,
 And in the Practice of *mistaken Rules*,
 To scribe, apply, and call their *Masters* Fools.
 On the Leaves of ancient Authors prey,
 Time, nor Moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :

}
}

Some

Some dryly plain, without Invention's Aid,
Write dull *Receipts* how Poems may be made :
These lost the Sence, their Learning to display,
And those explain'd the Meaning quite away.

You then, whose Judgment the right Course wou'd steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper *Character*;
His *Fable*, *Subject*, *Scope* in ev'ry Page,
Religion, *Country*, *Genius* of his *Age* :
Without all these at once before your Eyes;
You may *Confound*, but never *Criticize*.

Be *Homer's* Works your *Study* and *Delight*,
Read them by Day, and meditate by Night,
Thence form your Judgment, thence your Notions bring,
And trace the Mules upward to their *Spring* ;
Still with *It self* compar'd, his *Text* peruse ;
And let your *Comment* be the *Mantuan Muse*,

When first great *Maro* in his boundless Mind
A Work, t'outlast Immortal *Rome*, design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critick's Law,
And but from *Nature's Fountain* scorn'd to draw :
But when t'examine ev'ry Part he came,
Nature, and *Homer* were, he found, the same :
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checkt the bold Design,
And did his Work to Rules as strict confine,
As if the *Stagyrite* o'erlook'd each Line.
Learn hence for Ancient *Rules* a just Esteem ;
To copy *Nature* is to copy *Them*.

Some Beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
 For there's a *Happiness*, as well as *Care*;
Musick resembles *Poetry*, in each
 Are *nameless Graces*, which no *Methods* teach,
 And which a *Master-Hand* alone can reach.
 † If, where the *Rules* not far enough extend,
 (Since *Rules* were made but to promote their End)
 Some *Lucky Licence* answers to the full
 Th' *Intent* propos'd, *that Licence* is a *Rule*.
 Thus *Pegasus*, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common *Track*.
 Great Wits sometimes may *gloriously offend*,
 And rise to *Faults* true *Criticks* dare not mend;
 From *Vulgar Bounds* with *brave Disorder* part,
 And snatch a *Grace* beyond the *Reach of Art*;
 Which, without passing thro' the *Judgment*, gains
 The *Heart*, and all its *End* at once attains.
 In *Prospects* thus, some *Objects* please our *Eyes*,
 Which out of *Nature's common Order* rise,
 The *shapeless Rock*, or hanging *Precipice*.
 But *Care* in *Poetry* must still be had,
 It asks *Discretion* ev'n in running *Mad*;

† Neque tam sancta sunt ista Præcepta, sed hoc
 quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit; Non negato autem
 sic utile esse plerunque; verum si eadem illa nobis
 aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, reliquis magistrorum auto-
 ritatibus, sequemur. Quintil. 1. 2. cap. 13.

And

And tho' the *Ancients* thus their *Rules* invade,
(As *Kings* dispense with *Laws* Themselves have made)
Moderns, beware ! Or if you must offend
Against the *Precept* ne'er transgress its *End*,
Let it be *seldom*, and *compell'd* by *Need*,
And have, at least, *Their Precedent* to plead.
The Critick else proceeds without Remorse,
Seizes your *Fame*, and puts his *Laws* in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous Thoughts
Those *Freer Beauties*, ev'n in *Them*, seem Faults :
Some Figures *monstrous*, and *mis-shap'd* appear,
Consider'd *singly*, or beheld too *near*,
Which, but *proportion'd* to their *Light*, or *Place*,
Due Distance *reconciles* to Form and *Grace*.
A prudent Chief not always must display
His Pow'rs in *equal Ranks*, and *fair Array*,
But with th' *Occasion*, and the *Place* comply,
Oft *bide* his Force, nay seem sometimes to *Fly*.
Those are but *Stratagems*, which *Errors* seem,
Nor is it *Homer Nods*, but *We* that *Dream*.
Still green with Bays each *ancient Altar* stands,
Above the reach of *Sacrilegious Hands*,
Secure from *Flames*, from *Envy's fiercer Rage*,
Destructive *War*, and all devouring *Age*.
See, from each *Clime* the Learn'd their Incense bring ;
Hear, in all *Tongues* Triumphant *Paeans* ring !

In Praise so just let ev'ry Voice be join'd,
And fill the *Gen'ral Chorus* of *Mankind* !
Hail *Bards Triumphant* ! born in *happier Days* ;
Immortal Heirs of *Universal Praise* !
Whose Honours with Increase of Ages grow,
As Streams roll down, *enlarging* as they flow !
Nations *unborn* your mighty Names shall sound,
And Worlds applaud, that must not yet be found !
Oh may some Spark of your *Cœlestial Fire*
The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire,
(That with weak Wings, from far, pursues your Flights ;
*Glow*s while he reads, but *trembles* as he writes)
To teach vain Wits that Science *little known*,
To *admire* Superior Sense, and doubt their own !

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind ;
What the weak Head with strongest Byas rules,
Is *Pride*, the never failing Vice of Fools.
Whatever Nature has in *Worth* deny'd,
She gives in large Recruits of *needful Pride* ;
For as in *Bodies*, thus in *Souls*, we find
What wants in *Blood*, and *Spirits*, swell'd with *Wind* ;
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our Defence,
And fills up all the *mighty Void* of *Sense* !
If once right Reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with *resistless Day* ;

Trust not your self ; but your Defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry Friend----- and ev'ry Foe.

A little Learning is a dang'rous Thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian Spring* :
There *shallow Draughts* intoxicate the Brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd with the Charms fair Science does impart,
In *fearless Youth* we tempt the Heights of Art ;
While from the bounded *Level* of our Mind,
Short Views we take, nor see the *Lengths behind*,
But more *advanc'd*, survey with strange surprize
New, distant Scenes of *endless Science* rise!
So pleas'd at first, the towering *Alps* we try,
Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky ;
Th' Eternal Snows appear already past,
And the first *Clouds* and *Mountains* seem the last :
But *those attain'd*, we tremble to survey
The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way,
Th' *increasing Prospect* tires our wandring Eyes,
Hills peep o'er Hills, and *Alps on Alps* arise ;

† A perfect Judge will read each Work of Wit
With the same Spirit that its Author writ,
Survey the *Whole*, nor seek slight Faults to find ;
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind ;

† *Diligenter legendum est, ac pœne ad scribendi sollicitudinem : Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perfectus liber utique ex Integro resumendus. Quintilian.*

Nor lose, for that malignant dull Delight;
The gen'rous Pleasure to be charm'd with Wit.
But in such Lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning Faults, one quiet Tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed-----but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our Hearts
Is not th' Exactness of peculiar Parts;
'Tis not a Lip, or Eye, we Beauty call,
But the joint Force, and full Result of all.
Thus when we view some well proportion'd Dome,
(The World's just Wonder, and ev'n thine O Rome!)
No single Parts unequally surprize;
All comes united to th' admiring Eyes;
No monstrous Height, or Breath, or Length appear;
The Whole at once is Bold, and Regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry Work regard the Writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they Intend;
And if the Means be just, the Conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial Faults, is due.
As Men of Breeding, oft the Men of Wit,
To avoid great Errors, must the less commit,
Neglect the Rules each Verbal Critick lays,
Or not to know some Trifles, is a Praise.

Most Criticks fond of some subservient Art,
Still make the *Whole* depend upon a *Part*,
They talk of *Principles*, but *Parts* they prize,
And All to one lov'd Folly Sacrifice.

Once on a time, *La Mancha's* Knight, they say
A certain *Bard* encountring on the *Way*,
Discour'd in *Terms* as just, with *Looks* as *Sage*,
As e'er cou'd *D.....s*, of the *Laws* o' th' *Stage* ;
Concluding all were desp'rate *Sots*, and *Fools*,
That durst depart from *Aristotle's* *Rules*.
Our *Author*, happy in a *Judge* so nice,
Produc'd his *Play*, and beg'd the *Knight's* *Advice*,
Made him observe the *Subjeã*, and the *Plot*,
The *Manners*, *Passions*, *Unities*, what not ?
All which, exact to *Rule*, were brought about,
Were but a *Combate in the Lists* left out.
What ! Leave the Combate out ? Exclaims the *Knight* ;
Yes, or we must renounce the *Stagyrite*.
Not so by Heav'n (he answers in a *Rage*)
Knights, *Squires*, and *Steeds*, must enter on the *Stage*.
The *Stage* can ne'er so vast a *Throng* contain.
Then build a New, or *aã* it in a *Plain*.

Thus Criticks, of less *Judgment* than *Caprice*,
Curious, not *Knowing*, not exact, but *nice*,
Form *short Ideas* ; and offend in *Art* s
(As most in *Manners*) by a *Love* to *Parts*.

Some to *Conceit* alone their Taste confine,
 And glitt'ring Thoughts struck out at ev'ry Line;
 Pleas'd with a Work where nothing's just, or fit;
 One glaring *Chaos*, and wild Heap of *Wit*;
 Poets like Painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The *naked Nature*, and the living *Grace*,
 With *Gold*, and *Jewels* cover ev'ry Part,
 And hide with *Ornaments* their *Want of Art*.
 † *True Wit* is *Nature* to Advantage dress'd,
 What oft was *Thought*, but ne'er before *Express'd*,
Something, whose Truth convinc'd at Sight we find,
 That gives us back the Image of our Mind:
 As Shades more sweetly recommend the Light,
 So modest Plainness sets off sprightly Wit:
 For *Works* may have more *Wit* than does 'em good,
 As *Bodies* perish through Excess of *Blood*.

Others for *Language* all their Care express,
 And value *Books*, as Women *Men*, for *Dress*:
 Their Praise is still-----*The Stile is excellent*:
 The *Sense*, they humbly take upon Content.
Words are like *Leaves*; and where they most abound,
 Much *Fruit of Sense* beneath is rarely found.
False Eloquence, like the *Prismatic Glass*,
 It's gawdy Colours spreads on ev'ry Place;

† *Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur; Id facillime
 accipient animi quod agnoscunt. Quintil. lib. 8. c. 3.*

The Face of Nature we no more Survey;
 All glares alike, without *Distinction* gay :
 But true *Expression*, like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all Objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the *Dress* of *Thought*, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable ;
 A vile Conceit in pompous Style express'd,
 Is like a Clown in regal Purple dress'd;
 For different Styles with different Subjects sort,
 As several Garbs with Country, Town, and Court.
 * Some by Old Words to Fame have made Pretence,
 Ancients in *Phrase*, meer Moderns in their *Sense* !
 Such labour'd Notbings in so strange a Style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the Learned Smile.
 Unlucky, as *Fungoso* in the † Play,
 These Sparks with awkward Vanity display
 What the fine Gentlemen wore Yesterday !
 And but to mimick ancient Wits at best,
 As Apes our Grandfathers in their *Doublets* dress'd.

* *Abolita & abrogata retinere, insolentia cujusdam est, & frivole in parvis jactantia*, Quint. lib. 1. c. 6.

Opus est ut Verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio, cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa si egeat interprete ? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova. Idem.

† Ben Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

In *Words*, as *Fashions*, the same Rule will hold ;
Alike *Fantastick*, if too *New*, or *Old* ;
Be not the *first*, by whom the *New*, are try'd,
Nor yet the *last*, to lay the *Old* aside.

* But most by *Numbers* Judge & Poet's Song,
And *smooth*, or *rough*, with such, is *right*, or *wrong* ;
In the bright *Muse*, tho' thousand *Charms* conspire,
Her *Voice* is all these tuneful Fools admire,
Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their Ear,
Not mend their Minds ; as some to *Church* repair,
Not for the *Doctrin*e, but the *Musick* there.
These *Equal Syllables* alone require,

}

† Tho' oft the Ear the *open Vowels* tire,
While *Expletives* their feeble Aid do join,
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line,
While they ring round the same unvary'd Chimes ;
With sure *Returns* of still expected *Rhymes*.
Where-e'er you find the cooling *Western Breezes*,
In the next Line, it whispers thro' the *Trees* ;
If *Chrystal Streams* with pleasing *Murmurs* creep,
The Reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with *Sleep*.
Then, at the last, and only Couplet fraught
With some unmeaning Thing they call a *Thought*,

sdam
6.
rebra
tione,
ratio,
sa si
maxi-

* *Quis populi sermo est ? quis enim ? nisi carmine
noli Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per laeve severos
effugit junctura unguis: scit tendere versum, Non secus
si oculo rubricam dirigat uno. Persius, Sat. 1.*

† *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam
que hiantem orationem reddunt. Cic. ad Herenn.*
4. *Vide etiam Quintil., lib. 9. c. 4.* A

A needless Alexandrine ends the Song,
 That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length along,
 Leave such to tune their own dull Rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the *Easie* Vigor of a Line,
 Where *Denham's* Strength, and *Waller's* Sweetness join.
 'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,
 The Sound must seem an *Eccho* to the *Sense*,
 Soft is the Strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers flows ;
 But when loud Surgers lash the sounding Shore,
 The boarse, rough Verse shou'd like the *Torrent* roar.
 When *Ajax* strives some Rock's vast Weight to throw,
 The Line too labours, and the Words move slow ;
 Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the Plain,
 Flies o'er th'unbending Corn, and skims along the Main.
 Hear how * *Timotheus'* various Lays surprize,
 And bid Alternate Passions fall, and rise !
 While, at each Change, the Son of *Lybian Jove*
 Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love ;
 Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow ;
 Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow :
Persians, and *Greeks* like Turns of Nature found,
 And the *World's* Victor stood subdu'd by Sound !

* *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Musick ;* A
 Ode by Mr. Dryden.

The Power of Musick all our Hearts allow ;
And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.

Avoid *Extreams* ; and shun the Fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much.
At ev'ry Trifle scorn to take Offence,
That always shows *Great Pride*, or *Little Sense* ;
Those *Heads*, as *Stomachs*, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy Rapture move,
For Fools *Admire*, but Men of Sense *Approve* ;
As things seem large which we thro' *Mists* descry.
Dulness is ever apt to *Magnify*.

Some the *French* Writers, some our own despise ;
The *Ancients* only, or the *Moderns* prize :
Thus *Wit*, like *Faith*, by each Man is apply'd
To one small *Set*, and All are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the Blessing to confine,
And force that *Sun* but on a *Part* to Shine ;
Which not alone the *Southern Wit* sublimes,
But ripens Spirits in cold *Northern Climes* ;
Which from the first has shone on *Ages past*,
Enlights the *present*, and shall warm the *last* :
Tho each may feel *Increases*, and *Decays*,
And see now *clearer*, and now *darker Days* ;
Regard not then if *Wit* be *Old*, or *New*,
But blame the *False*, and value still the *True*.

Some

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading Notion of the Town;
Thy reason, and conclude by *Precedent*,
And own *stale Nonsense*, which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of Author's *Names*, not *Works*, and then
Nor praise, nor damn the *Writings*, but the *Men*.
Of all this *Servile Herd* the worst is he
That in proud *Dulness* joins with *Quality*,
A constant Critick at the Great-Man's Board,
To fetch, and carry Nonsense for my Lord,
What *woful stuff* this Madrigal wou'd be,
In some starv'd Hackney Sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the *happy Lines*,
How the *Wit brightens*! How the *Style refines*!
Before his sacred Name flies ev'ry Fault,
And each exalted Stanza teems with *Thought*!

The *Vulgar* thus through *Imitation* err;
As oft the *Learn'd* by being *Singular*;
So much they scorn the Crowd, that if the Throng
By *Chance* go right, they *purposely* go wrong;
So Schismaticks the *dull Believers* quit,
And are but damn'd for having *too much Wit*.

Some praise at Morning, what they blame at Night;
But always think the *last Opinion* right.
A Muse by these is like a Mistress us'd,
This hour she's *idoliz'd*, the next *abus'd*,

While

While their weak Heads, like Towns unfortify'd,
Twixt Sense, and Nonsense daily change their Side.
Ask them the Cause ; *They're wiser still*, they say ;
And still to Morrow's wiser than to Day.

We think our *Father's* Fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser Sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once *School Divines* our zealous Isle o'erspread ;
Who knew most Sentences was deepest read ;
Faith Gospel, All, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had Sense enough to be Confuted.

Scotists, and Thomists, now, in Peace remain,
Amidst their kindred Cobwebs in Duck-Lane.
If *Faith* it self has different Dresses worn,
What wonder *Modes* in *Wit* shou'd take their Turn ?
Of, leaving what is Natural and fit,
The current Folly proves our ready Wit,
And Authors think their Reputation safe,
Which lives as long as Fools are pleas'd to Laugh.

Some valuing those of their own Side, or Mind,
Will make themselves the measure of Mankind :

And we think we honour Merit then,
When we but praise Our selves in other Men.

Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
And publick Faction doubles private Hate.

Side, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various Shapes of Persons, Criticks, Beaus ;

But

But *Sense* surviv'd when merry *Fests* were past ;
For rising *Merit* will buoy up at last,
Might he return, and bless once more our Eyes,
New *Bl-----s* and new *M-----s* must arise ;
Nay shou'd great *Homer* lift his awful Head;
Zoilus again would start up from the Dead.
Envy will *Merit*, as its *Shade*, pursue,
But, like a Shadow, proves the *Substance* too ;
For envy'd Wit, like *Sol* Eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing *Bodie's* Grossness, not its own.
When first that Sun too powerful Beams displays,
It draws up Vapours, which obscure its Rays ;
But ev'n those Clouds at last adorn its Way,
Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day.

Be thou the first true *Merit* to befriend ;
His Praise is lost, who stays till *All* commend ;
Short is the Date, alas, of *Modern Rymes* ;
And 'tis but just to let 'em live *betimes*.
No longer now that Golden Age appears,
When *Patriarch Wits* surviv'd a *Thousand Years*,
Now Length of *Fame* (our second Life) is lost,
And bare Threescore is all ev'n That can boast ;
Our Sons their Father's failing Language see,
And such as *Chaucer* is, shall *Dryden* be.
So when the faithful *Pencil* has design'd
Some fair *Idea* of the Master's Mind,

Where a new *World* leaps out at his command,
And ready *Nature* waits upon his Hand ;
When the ripe Colours *soften*, and unite,
And sweetly *melt* into just *Shade* and *Light*,
When mellowing *Time* does full *Perfection* give,
And each *Bold Figure* just begins to *Live* ;
The *treach'rous Colours* in few *Years* decay,
And all the bright *Creation* fades away !

Unhappy *Wit*, like most mistaken *Things*,
Repays not half that *Envy*, which it brings :
In *Youth* alone its empty *Praise* we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd *Vanity* is lost !
Like some fair *Flow'r* that in the *Spring* does rise,
And gaily *Blooms*, but ev'n in blooming *Dies*.
What is this *Wit* that does our *Cares* employ ?
The *Owner's Wife*, that other *Men* enjoy ?
The more his *Trouble*, as the more *admir'd* ;
Where wanted, scorn'd, and envy'd, where *acquir'd* ;
Maintain'd with *Pains*, but forfeited with *Ease* ;
Sure some to *vex*, but never all to *please* ;
'Tis what the *Vicious* fear, the *Virtuous* shun ;
By *Fools* 'tis bated, and by *Knaves* undone !

Too much does *Wit* from *Ign'rance* undergo,
Let not *Learning* too commence its *Foe* !

Of old, those found *Rewards* who cou'd excel,
And such were *Prais'd*, who but *endeavour'd well* :
Tho' *Triumphs* were to *Gen'als* only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the *Soldiers* too.
Now those that reach *Parnassus'* lofty Crown,
Employ their Pains to spurn some others down ;
And while Self-Love each jealous Writer rules,
Contending Wits become the sport of *Fools* :
But still the *Worst* with most Regret commend,
And each *Ill Author* is as bad a *Friend*.
To what base Ends, and by what abject Ways,
Are Mortals urg'd by *Sacred Lust of Praise* ?
Ah ne'er so dire a *Thirst of Glory* boast,
Nor in the *Critick* let the *Man* be lost !
Good-Nature, and *Good-Sense* must ever join,
To Err is *Humane* ; to Forgive, *Divine*.
But if in Noble Minds some Dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of Spleen, and sow'r Disdain,
Discharge that Rage on more Provoking Crimes,
Nor fear a Dearth in these Flagitious Times.
No Pardon vile *Obscenity* should find,
Tho' *Wit*, and *Art* conspire to move your Mind ;
But *Dulness* with *Obscenity* must prove
As Shameful sure as *Impotence* in Love.
In the fat Age of Pleasure, Wealth, and Ease,
Sprung the rank Weed, and thriv'd with large Increase

When *Love* was all an *easy* Monarch's Care,
seldom at *Council*, never in a *War*;

Jilts rul'd the State, and Statesmen *Farces* writ;
Nay *Wits* had *Pensions*, and young Lords had *Wit*;
The Fair sat panting at a *Courtier's Play*,
And not a *Mask* went *un-improv'd* away:

The modest *Fan* was lifted up no more,
And *Virgins* *smil'd* at what they *blush'd* before-----

The following *Licence* of a *Foreign Reign*

Did all the *Dregs* of bold *Socinus* drain;

Then first the *Belgian Morals* were extoll'd;

We their *Religion* had, and they our *Gold*:

Then *Unbelieving Priests* reform'd the Nation,

And taught more *Pleasant Methods* of *Salvation*;

Where *Heav'n's* Free Subjects might their *Rights* dispute,

Lest *God* himself shou'd seem too *Asolute*.

Pulpits their *Sacred Satyr* learn'd to spare,

And *Vice* admir'd to find a *Flatt'rer* there!

Encourag'd thus, *Wit's Titans* brav'd the Skies,

And the *Press* groan'd with *Licenc'd Blasphemies*----

These *Monsters*, *Criticks*, with your *Darts* engage,

Here point your *Thunder*, and exhaust your *Rage*;

Yet shun their *Fault*, who *Scandalously nice*,

Will needs *mistake* an *Author* into *Vice*;

All seems *Infected* that th' *Infected* spy,

As all looks *yellow* to the *Jaundic'd Eye*.

Learn then what Morals Criticks ought to show;
For 'tis but *half a Judge's Task to Know*.

'Tis not enough, Wit, Art, and Learning join,
In all you speak, let Truth, and Candor shine :
That not alone what to your *Judgment's due*,
All may allow ; but seek your *Friendship too*.

Be *silent* always when you *doubt* your Sense ;
Speak when you're *sure*, yet speak with *Diffidence* ;
Some positive persisting Fops we know,
That, if *once wrong*, will needs be *always so* ;
But you, with Pleasure own your Errors past,
And make each Day a *Critick* on the last.

'Tis not enough your Counsel still be *true*,
Blunt Truths more Mischief than *nice Falshoods* do ;
Men must be *taught* as if you taught them *not* ;
And Things *ne'er known* propos'd as Things *forgot* :
Without *Good Breeding*, *Truth* is not approv'd,
That only makes *Superior Sense* *belov'd*.

Be Niggards of Advice on no Pretence ;
For the *worst Avarice* is that of *Sense* ;
With mean Complacence ne'er betray your Trust,
Nor be so *civil*, as to prove *Unjust* ;

Fear not the Anger of the Wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear Reproof, who merit Praise.

'T WERE well, might Criticks still this Freedom take ;

But *Appius* reddens at each Word you speak,
 And stares, Tremendous ! with a threatening Eye,
 Like some fierce Tyrant in Old Tapestry !
 Fear most to tax an Honourable Fool,
 Whose Right it is, *uncensur'd* to be dull ;
 Such without Wit are Poets when they please,
 As without Learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous Truths to unsuccessful Satyrs,
 And Flattery to fulsome Dedicators,
 Whom, when they Praise, the World believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give Scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your Censure to restrain,
 And charitably let dull Fools be vain :
 Your Silence there is better than your Spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their old dull Course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False Steps but help them to renew the Race,
 As after stumbling, Jades will mend their Pace.

What Crouds of these, impenitently bold,
In *Sounds* and jingling *Syllables* grown old,
Still run on Poets in a raging Vein,
Ev'n to the Dregs and *Squeezings* of the *Brain*;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And Rhyme with all the *Rage* of *Impotence*.

Such shameless *Bards* we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd *Criticks* too.

* The Bookful Blockhead, ignorantly read,
With *Loads* of *Learned Lumber* in his Head,
With his own Tongue still edifices his Ears,
And always *Lis'n*ing to *Himself* appears.
All Books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From *Dryden's Fables* down to *D---y's Tales*.
With him, most Authors steal their Works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*.

Name a new *Play*, and he's the Poet's Friend,
Nay show'd his Faults----- but when wou'd Poets
mend?

* *Nihil pejus est iis, qui paullum aliquid ultra pri-
mas litteras progressi, falsam sibi scientie persuasionem
induerunt: Nam & cedere precipiendi peritis indig-
nantur, & velut jure quodam potestatis, quo ferè be-
hominum genus intumescit, imperiosi, atque interin-
sevientes, Stultitiam suam perdocent. Quintil. lib. i.
ch. i.*

No place so Sacred from such Fops is barr'd,
Nor is *Paul's Church* more safe than *Paul's Church*,
yard ;

Nay, run to Altars ; there they'll talk you dead ;
For *Fools* rush in where *Angels* fear to tread.
Distrustful *Sense* with modest *Caution* speaks,
It still *looks home*, and short *Excursions* makes ;
But rattling *Nonsense* in full *Vollies* breaks ;
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundring Tyde !

But where's the Man, who Counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?
Unbias'd, or by Favour, or by Spite ;
Not dully prepossest, or blindly Right :
Tho' Learn'd, well-bred ; and tho' well-bred, sincere,
Modestly bold, and Humanly severe ?

Who to a Friend his Faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the Merit of a Foe ?
Blest with a Taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;
A Knowledge both of Books and Humankind ;
Gen'rous Converſe ; a Soul exempt from Pride ;
And Love to Praise, with Reason on his Side ?

Such once were Criticks, such the Happy Few ;
Athens, and Rome in better Ages knew,

[100]
The mighty *Stagyrite* first left the Shore,
Spread all his Sails, and durst the Deeps explore ;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the Light of the *Maonian Star*.
Not only *Nature* did his *Laws* obey,
But *Fancy's* boundless Empire own'd his *Sway*.
Poets, a *Race* long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond, and proud of *Savage Liberty*;
Receiv'd his Rules, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit
Who conquer'd *Nature*, shou'd preside o'er *Wit*.

Horace still charms with graceful *Negligence*,
And without Method *talks* us into *Sense*,
Does, like a *Friend*, familiarly convey
The truest *Notions* in the *easiest way*.
He, who *Supream* in *Judgement*, as in *Wit*;
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with *Coolness*, tho' he sung with *Fire* ;
His *Precepts* teach but what his *Works* inspire.
Our Criticks take a contrary *Extream*,
They judge with *Fury*, but they write with *Fle'me* :
Nor suffers *Horace* more in wrong *Translations*
By *Wits*, than *Criticks* in as wrong *Quotations*.

Fancy and Art in gay *Petronius* please,
The *Scholar's Learning*, and the *Courtier's Ease*.

In grave *Quintilian's* copious Work we find
The justest *Rules*, and clearest *Method* join'd ;
Thus useful *Arms* in Magazines we place,
All rang'd in Order, and dispos'd with Grace,
Nor thus alone the Curious Eye to please,
But to be found, when Need requires, with Ease.

The *Muses* sure *Longinus* did inspire,
And blest their Critick with a *Poet's Fire*.
An ardent Judge, that Zealous in his Trust ;
With Warmth gives Sentence, yet is always Just ;
Whose own Example strengthens all his Laws,
And is himself that great Sublime, he draws.

Thus long succeeding Criticks justly reign'd,
Science repress'd, and useful Laws ordain'd ;
Learning, and Rome alike in Empire grew,
And Arts still follow'd, where her Eagles flew ;
From the same Foes, at last, both felt their Doom,
And the same Age saw Learning fall, and Rome .
With Tyranny then Superstition join'd,
That the Body, this enslav'd the Mind ;
It was Believ'd, but nothing understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good ?

A *second Deluge Learning* thus o'er-run,
And the *Monks* finish'd what the *Goths* begun.

At length, *Erasmus*, that great injur'd Name,
(The *Glory* of the *Priesthood*, and the *Shame*!)
Stemm'd the wild *Torrent* of a barb'rous Age,
And drove those *Holy Vandals* off the Stage.

But see! each *Muse*, in *Leo's Golden Days*
Starts from her *Trance*, and trims her wither'd
Bays!

Rome's ancient *Genius*, o'er it's *Ruins* spread,
Shakes off the *Dust*, and rears his rev'rend Head!
Then *Sculpture*, and her *Sister-Arts* revive,
Stones leap'd to *Form*, and *Rock's* began to live;
With sweeter *Notes* each rising *Temple* rung,
A *Raphael* painted, and a † *Vida* sung!
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd *Brow*
The *Poet's Bays*, and *Critick's Ivy* grow;
Cremona now shall ever boast thy Name,
As next in Place to *Mantua*, next in Fame!

† *M. Hieronymus Vida*, an excellent *Latin Poet*
who writ an *Art of Poetry in Verse*.

But soon by Impious Arms from *Latium* chas'd,
Their ancient Bounds the banish'd Muses past;
Thence Arts o'er all the Northern World advance;
But Critick Learning flourish'd most in France.
The Rules, a Nation born to serve, obeys,
And Boileau still in Right of Horace sways. *Boileau*
But we, brave Britains, Foreign Laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,
Fierce for the Liberties of Wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of Old,
Yet some there were, among the sounder Few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster Antient Cause,
And here restor'd Wits Fundamental Laws,
Such was Roscomon-----not more learn'd than good,
With Manners gen'rous as his Noble Blood;
To him the Wit of Greece, and Rome was known,
And ev'ry Author's Merit, but his own.
Such late was Walsh,----- the Muses Judge and
Friend,
Who justly knew to blame, or to commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Desert;
The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.

This

This humble Praise, lamented *Shade*! receive,
This Praise at least a grateful Muse may give,
The Muse, whose early Voice you taught to Sing,
Prescrib'd her Heights, and prun'd her tender Wing,
(Her Guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low Numbers short Excursions tries :
Content, if hence th' Unlearn'd their Wants may
view,

The Learn'd reflect on what before they knew ;
Careless of *Censure*, not too fond of *Fame*,
Sill pleas'd to *praise*, yet not afraid to *blame*,
Averse alike to *Flatter*, or *Offend*,
Not free from Faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM,

To His GRACE the
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

By Mr. ADDISON.

----- *Rheni pacator & Istri.*
Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; letatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

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THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM,

TO HIS GRACE the
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

WHILE Crouds of Princes Your Deserts Proclaim,
Proud in their Number to enroll Your Name;
While Emperors to You commit their Cause,
And ANNA's Praises crown the vast Applause,
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muse indites,
That in ambitious Verse records Your Fights,
Fir'd, and transported with a Theme so new:
Ten Thousand Wonders op'ning to my View
Shine forth at once, Sieges, and Storms appear,
And Wars, and Conquests fill th'Important Year,

Rivers of Blood I see, and Hills of Slain,
An Iliad rising out of One Campaign.

The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,
His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,
Pirene's lofty Barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide Empire stood;
Ausonia's States, the Victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their *Appenines*, and *Alpes* in vain;
Nor found themselves, with strength of Rocks immur'd,
Behind their Everlasting Hills secur'd;
The rising *Danube* its long Race began,
And half its Course through the new Conquests ran;
Amaz'd, and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,
Germania trembled through a Hundred States;
Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with Fear,
He gaz'd around, but saw no Succour near,
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Despair
His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

TO BRITAIN'S QUEEN the Nations turn their Eyes,
On Her Resolves the Western World relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire Alarms,
In *ANNA's* Councils, and in *CHURCHILL's* Arms:

Thrice

Thrice Happy BRITAIN, from the Kingdoms rent,
To sit the Guardian of the Continent !
That sees her Bravest Son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her Prince's Eye ;
Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court ;
On the firm Basis of Desert they rise,
From long try'd Faith, and Friendship's Holy Ties ;
Their Sov'raign's well-distinguish'd Smiles they share,
Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War,
The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,
By Show'rs of Blessings Heav'n approves their Choice ;
Envy it self is dumb, in Wonder lost,
And Factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky,
Britania's Colours in the Zephyrs fly,
Her Chief already has his March begun,
Crossing the Provinces Himself had won,
'Till the *Moselle* appearing from afar
Retards the Progress of the Moving War :
Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her fall
In distant Climes, far from the perjurd *Gaul* ;
But now a Purchase to the Sword she lyes,
Her Harvests for uncertain Owners rise,

Each Vineyard doubtful of its Master grows,
And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows :
The discontented Shades of slaughter'd Hosts
That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghosts
Hop'd, when they saw *Britannia's* Arms appear,
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.

Our God like Leader, e'er the Stream he past,
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours cast,
Forming the Wond'rous Year within his Thought ;
His Bosom glow'd with Battles yet unfought :
The long laborious March he first surveys,
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maeſe*,
Between whose Floods such pathleſs Forests grow,
Such Mountains riſe, ſo many Rivers flow :
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroes Eyes,
And Danger ſerves but to enhance the Prize.

Big with the Fate of *Europe* he renews
His dreadful Courſe, and the proud Foe purſues :
Amidſt the ſultry Gales his Temples beat,
Inſected by the burning Scorpion's Heat,
'Till on the Borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defenſive Shadows, and reſreſhing Winds ;

Our *British* Youth, with in-born Freedom bold,
Innumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,
Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,
Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their Toil,
To prize their QUEEN, and love their Native Soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their Way
Through Clouds of Dust, and gain upon the Day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coast
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Host;
That chearfully its Labours pass'd forgets,
The Midnight Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.

O'er prostrate Towns, and Palaces they pass,
Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass)
Breathing Revenge; whilst Anger, and Dildain
Fire ev'ry Breast, and boil in ev'ry Vein:
Here shatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far
Lift up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War,
Whilst here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon's* Crimes.

At length the Fame of *England's* Heroe drew
Genio to the glorious Interview ;

Great Souls by Instinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendship burn ;
A sudden Friendship, while with stretch'd-out Rays
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze,
Polish'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,
Renown'd for Conquest, and in Council skill'd;
Their Courage dwells not in a troubl'd Flood
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood ;
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd,
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battel shown :
To Souls like these, in mutual Friendship join'd,
Heav'n dares entrust the Cause of Humankind.

Britannia's graceful Sons appear in Arms,
Her Harras'd Troops the Heroe's Presence warms,
Whilst the high Hills, and Rivers all around
With thund'ring Peals of *British* Shouts resound :
Doubling their Speed they March with fresh Delight
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.
So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,
And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dew,
The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees :
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,

er'd at the near Approach, he shoots away
on his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

The March concludes, the various Realms are past,
th' Immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last :
Like Hills th' aspiring Ramparts rise on high,
Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye,
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Pass,
Threat'ning Destruction ; Rows of hollow Brass,
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilst in their Wombs Ten Thousand Thunders sleep :
Great *Churchill* owns, charm'd with the glorious sight
his March o'er paid by such a promis'd Fight.

The Western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,
and faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day,
winning approach'd, but oh what Hosts of Foes
Were never to behold that Ev'ning close !
pick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
the close compacted *Britons* win their Way ;
in vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
rich Tracks of Death, and laid the Battel waste,
ill pressing forward to the Fight, they broke
through Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke,

'Till slaughter'd Legions fill the Trench below;
And bear their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works the mingling Hosts engage,
The Battel kindled into Tenfold Rage
With Show'rs of Bullets and with Storms of Fire
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire,
Whole Nations tramp'd into Dirt, and bruis'd;
In one promiscuous Carnage lye confus'd,

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,
New to the Field, and Heroes in the Bloom !
Th' Illustrious Youths, that left their Native Shore
To March where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O Fatal Love of Fame ! O Glorious Heat
Only Destructive to the Brave, and Great !)
After such Toils o'ercome, such Dangers past,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts breath their last:
But hold, my Muse, may no Complaints appear,
Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear :
While *Marlbrô* lives, *Britannia's* Stars dispense
A friendly Light, and shine in Innocence.
Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed
Where e'er his Friends retire; or Foes succeed;

Those he supports, these drives to sudden Flight,
And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, forbear
To brave the thickest Terrors of the War,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes,
Britannia's Safety, and the World's Repose ;
Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate
This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate :
Thou liv'st not for thy self ; thy QUEEN demands
Conquest, and Peace from thy Victorious Hands ;
Kingdoms, and Empires in thy Fortune join,
And Europe's Destiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-disputed Pass they gain,
By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain ;
The War breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And see their Camp with *British* Legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their shatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with swelling Tides ;
But if the rushing Wave a Passage finds,
Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,
The trembling Peasant sees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempests, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few surviving Foes dispers'd in Flight,
(Refuse of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)
In ev'ry rustling Wind the Victor hear,
And *Marlbrough's* Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,
'Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace
Befriends the Rout, and covers their Disgrace:

To *Donnawert*, with unresisted Force,
The gay Victorious Army bends its Course;
The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,
Whatever Spoils *Bavaria's* Summer yields,
(The *Danube's* great Increase) *Britannia* shares,
The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars;
With Magazines of Death, destructive Balls,
And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau's* Walls,
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern stor'd,
And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy Greatness crost,
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd Throne,
And made Imaginary Realms thy own!
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall shortly seek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,

Nor find it there : Surrounded with Alarms,
Thou hop'st th' Assistance of the *Gallic Arms*;
The *Gallic Arms* in Safety shall advance,
And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *Fance*,
While to console thy Doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*
Shares thy Destruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Unbounded Courage and Compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,
Alternately proclaim him Good, and Great,
And make the Heroe, and the Man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate Foe to gain
By proffer'd Grace, but long he strove in vain,
Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
His rising Wrath, and gives a Loose to War.
In Vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his Hand
With Sword, and Fire, and ravages the Land,
A Thousand Villages to Ashes turns,
In crackling Flames a Thousand Harvests burns,
To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat ;
Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,
And Cries of Infants sound in ev'ry Brake :
The list'ning Soldier fixt in Sorrow stands,
Loth to Obey his Leader's just Commands ;

The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity sway'd,
To see his just Commands so well obey'd.

But now the Trumpet terrible from far
In shriller Clangors animates the War,
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Confort beat,
And ecch'ing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud Standards, to *Bavaria's* join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind,
The daring Prince his blasted Hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled Host he views
Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length,
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.

The fatal Day its mighty Course began,
That the griev'd World had long desir'd in vain:
States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,
And Prayers in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd;
Europe's loud Cries, that Providence assail'd,
And *ANNA's* Ardent Vows at length prevail'd;
The Day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His Care, and Conduct of the World below.

Behold in awful March, and dread Array,
The long Extended Squadrons shape their Way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horror to the Bravest Hearts;
Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,
And Thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life;
The *British* Souls low Images disclaim,
The Heat of Vengeance, and Desire of Fame
O'er-look the Foe, Advantage, by his Post,
Lessen his Numbers, and Contract his Host:
Tho' Fens and Floods possess the middle Space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor Fens, nor Floods can stop *Britannia's* Bands,
When Her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what Numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious Troops in Battel join'd!
Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound,
The Victor's Shouts, and Dying Groans confound,
The dreadful Burst of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Thunder of the Battle rise.
'Twas then Great *Marlbro's* mighty Soul was prov'd,
That, in the Shock of Charging Hosts unmov'd,

Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
Examin'd all the Dreadful Scenes of War ;
In peaceful Thought, the Field of Death survey'd,
To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage ;
So when an Angel, by Divine Command,
With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,
Calm, and Serene he drives the furious Blast ;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.

But see the haughty Household-Troops advance !
The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conquest glows ;
Proudly He Marches on, and void of Fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the *British* Spear :
Vain Insolence ! with Native Freedom brave,
The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest Slave :
Contempt, and Fury fire their Souls by turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns ;
Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day,
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay ;

A Thousand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and Immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lye,
And Troops of Heroes undistinguish'd die.
O *Dormer* ! how can I behold thy Fate,
And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate !
How can I see the Gay, the Brave, the Young,
Fall in the Cloud of War, and lye unsung !
In Joys of Conquest he resigns his Breath,
And, fill'd with *England's* Glory, smiles in Death.

The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,
And rush in Crouds to meet the Fate they shun ;
Thousands of fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd,
Floating in Gore, with their drown'd Masters mixt ;
Midst Heaps of broken Spears, and Standards lye,
And in the *Danube's* bloody Whirl-pools die,
Troops of bold Youths, born on the distant *Soan*,
Or sounding Borders of the Rapid *Rhone* ;
Or where the *Sein* her flow'ry Fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding Vineyards glides ;
In Heaps the Rolling Billows sweep away,
And into *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.
From *Bleinheim's* Tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild Affright,
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight ;

His waving Banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood,
So us'd the guarded Enemy to reach,
And rise Triumphant in the Fatal Breach,
Or pierce the broken Foe's remotest Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard* ! Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mixt Tumult in thy Bosom swell'd !
When first thou saw'st thy Bravest Troops repell'd,
Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,
Choak'd in his Blood, and gasping on the Ground,
Thy self in Bondage by the Victor kept !
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
Greatly Distrest ! thy loud Complaints forbear,
Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War ;
Give thy Brave Foes their Due, nor blush to own,
The fatal Field by such great Leaders won,
The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the Second Honours of the Day.

With Floods of Gore, that from the Vanquish'd tell
The Marshes stagnate, and the Rivers swell.

Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,
Or 'midst the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd ;
A Captive Host the Conqueror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains ;
Ev'n those who 'scape the Fetters, and the Sword,
Nor seek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
Marlbro's Great Work, and finish the Defeat.

From *Memmingben's* high Domes, and *Ausburgh's* Walls,
The distant Battel drives th' insulting *Gauls* ;
Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name,
The rescu'd States his great Protection claim ;
Whilst *Ulme* th' Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious Gates.

The Heroe's Breast still swells with great Designs,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius shines :
If to the Foe his dreadful Course he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his March extends ;

If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an Army storm'd :
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.
What distant Land, what Region can afford
An Action worthy his Victorious Sword ?
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the Series of his Toils compleat ?

Where the swollen *Rhine* rushing with all its Force,
Divides the Hostile Nations in its Course,
While Each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd, or straiten'd as the River flows,
On *Gallia's* Side a mighty Bulwark stands;
That all the wide extended Plain commands;
Twice, since the War was kindled, has it try'd
The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side ;
As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs,
Hence future Triumphs from the War expects ;
And, tho' the Dog-star had its Course begun,
Carries his Arms still nearer to the Sun :
Fixt on the glorious Action, he forgets
The Change of Seasons, and Increase of Heats :

No Toils are painful that can Danger show,
No Climes unlovely that contain a Foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds restrain'd,
Learns to Encamp within his Native Land;
But soon as the Victorious Host he spies,
From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies;
Such dire Impressions in his Heart remain
Of *Marlbro's* Sword, and *Hockstet's* fatal Plain;
In vain *Britannia's* mighty Chief besets
Their shady Coverts, and obscure Retreats;
They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,
That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.

Austria's Young Monarch, whose Imperial Sway
Scepters, and Thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted Ancestry so high extends,
That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in Gratitude to own
The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:
That Tides of Glory to his Bosom ran,
Wasp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?
How were his Eyes with pleasing Wonder fixt,
To see such Fire with so much Sweetness mixt,

Such

Such easie Greatness, such a graceful Port,
So turn'd, and finish'd for the Camp, or Court !

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,
And *Nireus* shone but in the second Place ;
Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*
(His Features flusht with an Immortal Bloom,
That *Cytherea's* fragrant Breath bestow'd)
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth by *Marlbro's* Presence charm'd,
Taught by his Counsels, by his Actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubl'd Fury falls,
Discharges all his Thunder on its Walls,
O'er Mines, and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,
And learns to Conquer in the Hero's sight.

The *British* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd,
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conquests crown'd,
To *Belgian* Coasts his tedious March renews,
And the long Windings of the *Rhine* pursues,
Clearing its Borders from Usurping Foes,
And blest by rescu'd Nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its dire Alarms,
And Traerbach feels the Terror of his Arms,
Seated on Rocks her proud Foundations shake,
While *Marlbro'* presses to the dire Attack,
Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon roar,
And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining Years,
Forgets his Thirst of Universal Sway,
And scarce can teach his Subjects to Obey ;
His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd,
Th' Ambitious Projects of his Race destroy'd,
The Work of Ages sunk in One Campaign,
And Lives of Millions Sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of *ANNA's* Royal Cares ;
By Her, *Britiannia*, great in Foreign Wars,
Ranges through Nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted Aid of Sea, and Wind.
By Her th' unfetter'd *Isher's* States are free,
And taste the Sweets of *English* Liberty.
But who can tell the Joys of those, that lye
Within the constant Influence of Her Eye,
Whilst in diffusive Show'rs Her Bounties fall,
Like Heav'ns Indulgence, and descend on All,

Secure

Secure the Happy, succour the Distrest,
Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Blest.

Thus would I fain *Britannia's* Wars rehearse,
In the smooth Records of a faithful Verse ;
That, if such Numbers can o'er Time prevail,
May tell Posterity the wond'rous Tale.
When Actions, unadorn'd are faint, and weak,
Cities, and Countries must be taught to speak ;
Gods may descend in Factions from the Skies,
And Rivers from their Oozy Beds arise ;
Fiction may deck the Truth with spurious Rays,
And round the Heroe cast a borrow'd Blaze.
Marlbro's Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own Native Light ;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuin Charms they boast,
And those, who Paint 'em truest, Praise e'm most.

Cooper's

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in

COOPERS-HILL.

A

POEM,

Written by the Honourable
Sir **JOHN DENHAM**,
Knight of the *Bath*.



DUBLIN:

Printed for John Henly, Book-
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* Mr.

COOPERS-HILL.

Sure there are Poets which did never dream
Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the Stream
Of *Helicon* ; we therefore may suppose
Those made not Poets, but the Poet those.
And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,
So where the Muses, and their Train resort,
Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking Wing from thy auspicious height)
Thro' untrac'd ways, and æery paths I flye,
More boundless in my Fancy, than my eye :
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lyes between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred Pile, so vast, so high,
That whether it's a part of Earth, or Sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring Mountain, or descending Cloud :
Ours the late Theme of such a Muse whose flight
Has bravely reach'd, and soar'd above thy height ;

* Mr. Waller.

Now shalt thou stand, tho' Sword, or Time, or Fire,
Or Zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of Poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruine by the best of Kings.
Under his proud survey the City lies,
And like a mist beneath a Hill doth rise ;
Whose state, and wealth, the bus'ness, and the Crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker Cloud :
And is to him, who rightly things esteems,
No other, in effect, than what it seems ;
Where, with like haste, tho' sev'ral ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone ;
While Luxury, and Wealth, like War, and Peace,
Are each the others ruin, and increase,
As Rivers Lost in Seas some secret Vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.
O happiness of sweet retir'd content,
To be at once secure, and innocent !
* *Windfor* the next (where *Mars*, with *Venus* dwells,
Beauty with Strength) above the Vally swells * *Windfor*.
Into my eye, and doth it self present
With such an easie, and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendious precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes :
But such a Rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure, and a rev'rence from the sight.

Thy mighty Master's Emblem, in whose face
Sate Meekness, heightned with Majestick Grace;
Such seems the gentle Height, made only proud
To be the Basis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears;
But *Atlas* only, that supports the Spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
I was guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such a use, as if 'twere meant
To invite the Builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
Folly, or Blindness, only could refuse.
A Crown of such Majestick Tow'rs doth grace
The God's great Mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
Amongst that num'rous, and Celestial Host,
More Heroes than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fame's
Immortal Book record more noble Names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle
Owes the first Glory of so brave a Pile,
Whether to *Cæsar*, *Albanast*, or *Brute*,
The British *Arthur*, or the Danish *Knute*;
(Tho' this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for *Homer's* Birth sev'n Cities strove)
Like him in Birth, thou should'st be like in Fame,
(As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)

But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount those sev'ral Kings, to whom
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,
 But thee (great * *Edward*) and thy greater Son,
 (The Lillies, which his Father wore, he won)
 And thy † *Bellona*, who the Consort came
 Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame:
 || She to thy Triumph led one Captive King,
 And brought that Son, which did the second bring,
 Then didst thou found that order, (whether love,
 Or Victory thy Royal thoughts did move)
 Each was a Noble Cause, and nothing less
 Than the design, has been the great success:
 Which Foreign Kings, and Emperors esteem
 The second honour to their Diadem.
 Had thy great Destiny but giv'n the skill,
 To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
 That from those Kings, who then thy Captives were,
 In after-time should spring a Royal Pair,
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r;
 Or thy desires, more mighty, did devour;
 To whom their better Fate reserves what e'er
 The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquish'd fear;

* *Edward* the Third, and the *Black Prince* † *Queen*
Philippa, || The Kings of *France* and *Scotland*.

That

That Blood, which thou, and thy Great Grandfire shed;
And all that since these Sister Nations bled,
Had been unspilt, had happy *Edward* known
That all the Blood he spilt, had been his own.
When he that Patron chose, in whom are joyn'd
Soldier, and Martyr, and his Arms confin'd
Within the azure Circle, he did seem
But to foretel, and prophesie of him,
Who to his Realms that Azure round hath joyn'd,
Which Nature for their Bound at first design'd.
That Bound, which to the World's extreamest ends,
Endless it self, it's liquid arms extends;
Nor doth he need those Emblems which we paint,
But is himself the Soldier, and the Saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fixt thoughts my wandring eye betrays,
Viewing a Neighb'ring Hill, whose top of late
A Chapel crown'd, till in the common Fate,
Th' adjoyning Abbey fell; (may no such storm
Fall on our Times, where ruin must reform.)
Tell me (my Muse) what monstrous, dire offence,
What crime could any Christian King incense
To such a rage? Was't Luxury, or Lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? they were his own much more;
But Wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,

Who

Who having spent the Treasures of his Crown,
Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.
And yet this Act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of Sacriledge, must bear Devotion's Name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good,
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name;
And, free from Conscience, is a Slave to Fame.
Thus he the Church at once protects, and spoils:
But Princes Swords are sharper than their stiles.
And thus to th' Ages past he makes amends,
Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
In empty, aëry Contemplations dwell;
And like the Block, unmoved lay: but our's,
As much to active, like the Stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate Region can be known,
Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?
Could we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,
But to be restless in a worse Extream?
And for that Lethargy was there no Cure,
But to be cast into a Calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false Guide, to err by day?

Who sees these dismal Heaps, but would demand,
What barbarous Invader sack'd the Land ?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian King ;
When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions, and the worst of their's,
What does he think our Sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our Devotion are ?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near ;
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where *Thames* amongst the wanton Vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons, *Thames*
By his old Sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal life to meet Eternity.
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold ;
His genuine, and lets guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore ;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing :
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing Spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like Mothers, which their infants overlay :
Nor with a sudden, and impetuous wave,
Like profuse Kings, resumes the wealth he gave ;

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No unexpected inundations spoil
The Mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toyl;
But Godlike his unwearied Bounty flows;
First loves to do, than loves the Good he does:
Nor are his Blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the Sea, or Wind;
When he to boast, or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the World, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, Woods in Cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the World's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'er flowing full,
Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,
Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost;
Thy Nobler streams shall visit *Jove's* abodes,
To shine amongst the Stars, and bath the Gods,
Here Nature, whether more intent to please *The Forrest*
Us, or her self, with strange verities,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's, than Beholder's sight.)

Tho

Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move ;
For so our Children, thus our Friends we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord, which did first disperse
Form, Order, Beauty, thro' the Universe ;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists,
While the steep, horrid roughness of the Wood
Strive with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extreams when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight ;
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear, *Narcissus*
That had the self-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen ;
But his proud head the aëry Mountain hides
Among the Clouds ; his shoulders, and his sides
A shady Mantle clothes ; his curled Brows
Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows,
While Winds, and Storms his lofty Forehead beat,
The common Fate of all that's High, or Great :
Low at his Foot a spacious Plain is plac'd,
Between the Mountain, and the Stream embrac'd ;
Which Shade and Shelter from the Hill derives ;
While the kind River Wealth, and Beauty gives !

And

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And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest indears.
This Scene, had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what Stories had we heard,
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs; their Dames,
Their Feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, altho' their aëry shape,
All but a quick Poetick sight escape.
There *Faunus*, and *Silvanus* keep their Courts,
And thither all the horned Hoast resorts,
To graze the ranker Mead, that noble herd
On whose sublime, and shady front is rear'd
Nature's great Master-piece; to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone,
Here have I seen the King, when great Affairs
Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the Chase by all the flow'r
Of Youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a Foe that would not only fly.
The Stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,
At once indulgent to his Fear, and Sloth,
To some dark Covert his retreat had made,
Where nor Man's Eye, nor Heav'n's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of Dogs, and Men, his wakeful ear doth wound:

Roué

Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear ;
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had giv'n this false Alarm, but strait his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true :
Betray'd in all his Strength, the Wood beset,
All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met,
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,
His winged Heels, and then his Armed Head ;
With these t^o avoid, with that his Fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet:
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the Chasers and his ear the Cry :
Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler Sense ;
Their disproportion'd Speed does recompense.
Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety, which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his Friends ; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd,
His safety seeks : the Herd, unkindly wise,
Or Chases him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining States-man, left forlorn
To his Friend's pity, and Pursuer's scorn ;
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the Coverts, and the conscious Groves,
The Scences of his past Triumphs, and his Loves ;

gaily surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own ;
And like a bold Knight-Errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame ;
And taught the Woods to Echo to the Stream
His dreadful Challenge, and his clashing Beam ;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife ;
So much his Love was dearer than his Life.
Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath
Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength, he wasted in ignoble flight ;
But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd
Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd ;
He strait revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before ;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And Doubt a greater mischief than Despair.
Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
Nor speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his course ;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to assay
An Element more merciless than they.

But

* Runn
ealed.

But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood
 Quench their dire Thirst; alas, they thirst for Blood!
 So tow'rd a Ship the oarfin'd Gallies ply,
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extream Despair.
 So fares the Stag among th'enraged Hounds,
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
 And as an Hero, whom his baser Foes
 In Troops surround, now these assails, now those,
 Tho' Prodigal of Life, disdains to dye
 By common hands; but if he can descry
 Some nobler Foe's approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.
 So when the King a mortal Shaft lets flye
 From his unerring hand, then glad to dye,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his Blood,
 And stains the Crystal with a purple Flood.
 This a more innocent and happy Chase,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a Prey
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at Bay.

* Runny Mead, where the Great Charter was first sealed.

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the Crown †
All marks of Arbitrary Power lays down :
Tyrant, and Slave, those Names, of hate and fear,
The happier Style of King, and subject bear :
Happy when both to the same Center move,
When Kings give Liberty, and subjects Love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood ;
Wanting that Seal, it must be seal'd in Blood.
The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave.
Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,
And even that power that should deny, betray.
“ Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reveals,
“ Not thank't, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts, but spoils,
Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold :
And pop'lar sway, by forcing Kings to give
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extreams ; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.

† *Magna Charta.*

[147]
When a calm River rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining Plains;
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure,
But if with Bays, and Dams, they strive to force
His Chancel to a new, or narrow course;
No longer then within his banks he dwells.
First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells :
Stronger, and fiercer ! by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

THE
Splendid SHILLING.

IN
Imitation of Milton.

-----Sing, Heavenly Muse,
*Things unattempted yet in Prose, or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimæras dire.*

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares, and Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse retains
A Splendid Shilling : He nor hears with Pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale ;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To Jun'per's, Magtje, or Town-Hall repairs :

When

Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Am'rous Flames,
(*bløe*, or *Pbillis* ; he, each Circling Glas,
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
(Wretched Repast !) my meagre Corps sustain :
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers ; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well polish'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent :
Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings,
Full famous in Romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town

Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
Whence flow Nectarous Wines, that well may vye
With *Massic*, *Setian*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus while my joyless Hours I lingring spend,
With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dunn*,
Horrible Monster! hated by Gods, and Men,
To my aerial Citadel ascends;
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.
What shou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
Of Woodhole; strait my bristling Hairs erect,
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible he seems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and *Conic* Beard,
And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saint,
Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert

Such

Such Plagues from righteous Men !) behind him stalks
Another Monster, not unlike himself,
Of Aspect fullen, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill faced Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch
Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregn'ole, and coercive Chains
In Durance vile detain him, 'till in form
Of Money, *Pallas* lets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious Ken
This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Creek, or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch, So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin, to Domestick Vermin sworn
An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye,
Lyes nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,

Portending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She secret stands
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will ought avail
Their Arts, nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Useless Resistance make: With eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their Bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts
With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood;
Me Lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of lovely Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious Night,

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Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
My anxious Mind ; or sometimes mournful Verse
Indite, and sing of Groves, and Myrtle Shades,
Or desp'rate Lady near a purpling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree :
Mean while I Labour with eternal Drought,
And restless Wish, in vain, my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose ;
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
Longing for Dark, and Eager in a Dream
Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale ;
Awake, I find the settled Thirst -----
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature. *John Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*;
Nor *Walnut* in rough furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in decay ;
Afflictions Great ! yet greater shall remain :
My *Galligaskins*, that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and Encroaching Frosts,
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue !)
In horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice

Wide

Wide, Discontinuous ; at which the Winds,
Eurus, and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well fraught Ship
Long sail'd secure, or thro' h' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, 'till Cruising near
The *Lilybean* Shoar with hideous Crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the Shatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea ; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves Gush with impetuous Rage,
Resistless, Overwhelming ; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They stare, the lave, they pump, they swear, they pray
(Vain Efforts !) still the Batt'ring Waves rush in
Implacable, 'till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

Alexander's

H
Their B
(S

Alexander's Feast ;
O R T H E
POWER of MUSICK.

A N

O D E,

In Honour of

St. *C E C I L I A*'s Day.

I.

T Was at the Royal Feast, for *Perſia* won;
By *Philip's* Warlike Sons
Aloft in awful State
The God-like Heroe ſate
On his Imperial Throne;
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myrtles bound.
(So ſhou'd Deſert in Arms be Crown'd:)

O

The

The Lovely *Thais* by his side,
Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave
None but the Brave
None but the Brave deserves the Fair!

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful Quire,

With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre ;
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
And Heav'nly Joys inspire

The Song began from *Jove* ;
Who left his blissful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)

A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :
Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,

When He to fair *Olympia* press'd :
And while He sought her snowy Breast :

Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World.

The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
Present Deity, they shout around :
Present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the Spheres.

C H O R U S.

With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the Spheres.

III.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet Musician sung ;
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young :

The jolly God in Triumph comes ;
Sound the Trumpets ; beat the Drums ;
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shews his honest Face,

Now gives the Hautboys breath ; He comes, He comes,

Bacchus ever Fair and Young,

Drinking Joys did first ordain :
Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure ;
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure ;
Rich the Treasure ;
Sweet the Pleasure ;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

[150]
C H O R U S.

Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure ;
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure ;
Rich the Treasure ;
Sweet the Pleasure ;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain ;
Fought all his Battles o'er again ;
And thrice He roured all his Foes ; & thrice he slew the slain.
The Master saw the Madness rise ;
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes ;
And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.
He chose a Mournful Muse
Soft Pity to infuse :
He sung *Darius* Great and Good,
By too severe a Fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high Estate
And weltring in his Blood :
Deserted at his utmost Need,
By those his former Bounty fed ;
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.
With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,

Revolving

Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;
And Tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

Revolving in his alter'd Soul

*The various Turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;
And Tears began to flow.*

V.

The Mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree :
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move ;
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble ;
Honour but an empty Bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the World be worth thy Winning ;
Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.

Lovely *Ibais* sits besides thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause,
So Love was Crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his Care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

C H O R U S.

*The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his Care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.*

VI.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again :
A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain,
Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, Revenge, *Timothews* cries,
See the Furies arise!

See

See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !
Behold a ghastly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand !

Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battle were slain;
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the Plain.

Give the Vengeance due
To the Valiant Crew.

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods !
The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy ;
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

VII.

Thus, long ago
'Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While

While Organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
And sounding Lyre,
Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire.
At last Divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds;
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before,
Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize;
Or both divide the Crown ;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;
She drew an Angel down.

Grand CHORUS:

At last, Divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds;
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown ;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;
She drew an Angel down.

A
LETTER
FROM
ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord *Halifax*.

*Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res Antiquæ laudis, & Artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geo. 2.

W Hile you, my Lord, the rural Shades admire,
And from *Britannia*'s Publick Posts retire;
No longer her ungrateful Sons to please,
For their Advantage Sacrifice your Ease;
Me into Foreign Realms my Fate conveys,
thro' Nations fruitful of Immortal Lays;
Where the soft Season, and inviting Clime
Conspire to trouble your Repose with Rhime.

For

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd Eyes,
Gay, gilded Scenes, and shining Prospects rise;
Poetick Fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on Classick Ground;
For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung;
That not a Mountain rears it's Head unsung;
Renown'd in Verse each Shady Thicket grows,
And ev'ry Stream in Heav'nly Numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the Hills, and Woods
For rising Springs, and celebrated Floods!
To view the *Nar* tumultuous in his Course,
And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his Source,
To see the *Mincio* draw his wat'ry Store
Thro' the long windings of a fruitful Shore;
And hoary *Albula's* infected Tide
O'er the warm Bed of smoking Sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand Raptures I survey
Eridanus thro' flow'ry Meadows stray,
The King of Floods! that rolling o'er the Plains
The Tow'ring Alps of half their Moisture drains,
And, proudly swell'd with a whole Winter's Snows,
Distributes Wealth, and Plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful Throng,
I look for Streams Immortaliz'd in Song,
That lost in Silence, and Oblivion lye,
Dumb are their Fountains, and their Channels dry,) Yet

Yet run for ever by the Muse's Skill,
And in the smooth Description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd River's empty Shores admire,
That destitute of Strength derives its Course
From thrifty Urns, and an unfruitful Source;
Yet sung so often in Poetick Lays,

With Scorn the *Danube*, and the *Nile* Surveys;
So high the Deathless Muse exalts her Theme!
Such was the *Boyn*, a poor Inglorious Stream,
That in *Hibernian* Vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild *Meander's* play'd;
Till by your Lines, and *Nassau's* Sword renown'd
It's rising Billows thro' the World resound,
Where'er the Heroe's Godlike Acts can pierce,
Or where the Fame of an Immortal Verse.

Oh, cou'd the Mule my ravish'd Breast inspire
With Warmth like your's, and raise an equal Fire,
Unnumber'd Beauties in my Verse shou'd shine,
And *Virgil's Italy* should yield to mine!

See! how the golden Groves around me smile,
That shun the Coasts of *Britain's* stormy Isle;
Or when transplanted, and preserv'd with Care,
Curse the cold Clime, and starve in Northern Air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting Juice ferments,
To nobler Tastes, and more exalted Scents.

Ev'n

Ev'n the rough Rocks with tender Myrtle Bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.
Bear me some Gods to *Baja's* gentle Seats,
Or cover me in *Umbria's* green Retreats.
Where Western Gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride;
Blossoms, and Fruits, and Flow'rs together rise,
And the whole year in gay Confusion lies.

Immortal Glories in my mind revive,
And in my Soul a thousand Passions strive,
When *Rome's* exalted Beauties I descry
Magnificent in Piles of Ruin lye:

An Amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my Eye with Terror, and Delight,
That on its publick Shows unpeopled *Rome*,
And held uncrouded Nations in its Womb.
Here Pillars, rough with Sculpture, pierce the Skies,
And here the proud Triumphal Arches rise,
Where the old *Roman's* deathless Acts display'd,
Their base degen'rate Progeny upbraid.
Whole Rivers here forsake their Fields below,
And wondring at their height thro' Airy Channels flow

Still to new Scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing Rocks admires;
Where the smooth Chissel all it's Force has shown,
And softed into Flesh the rugged Stone.

In solemn Silence, a Majestick Band,
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand.
Stern Tyrants, whom their Cruelties renown,
And Emperors in *Parian* Marble frown.
While the bright Dames to whom they humbly sa'd,
Still shew the Charms, that their proud Hearts subdu'd:

Fain wou'd I *Raphael's* Godlike Art rehearse,
And shew th'Immortal Labours in my Verse;
Where from the mingled Strength of Shade, and Light
A new Creation rises to my Sight;

Such Heav'nly Figures from his Pencil flow,
So warm with Life his blended Colours glow,
From Theme to Theme, with secret Pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft Variety I'm lost:

Here pleasing Airs my ravish'd Soul confound
With circling Notes, and Labyrinths of Sound;
Here Domes, and Temples rise in distant Views,
And op'ning Palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy Land,
And scatter'd Blessings with a wasteful Hand!

But what avail her unexhausted Stores,
Her blooming Mountains, and her sunny Shores;
With all the Gifts that Heav'n, and Earth impart,
The Smiles of Nature, and the Charms of Art;
While proud Oppression in the Valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy Plains?

The poor Inhabitants behold in vain
The red'ning Orange, and the swelling Grain:

Joyless he sees the growing Oyls, and Wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant Shade repines ;
Starves in the midst of Nature's Bounty curst,
And in the loaden Vineyard dies for Thirst.

Oh *Liberty*, thou *Goddeſs* Heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of *Blifs*, and pregnant with delight,
Eternal Pleaſures in thy Preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train !
'Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy ſight ;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt Beauty to the Sun, and Pleaſure to the Day.

Thee *Goddeſs*, Thee *Britannia's* Iſle adores ;
How oft has ſhe exhausted all her Stores ;
How oft in Fields of Death thy Preſence ſought ?
Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought :
On Foreign Mountains may the Sun refine
The Grape's ſoft Juice, and mellow it to Wine,
With Citron Groves adorn a diſtant Soil,
And the fat Olive ſwell with floods of Oyl :
We envy not the warmer Clime, that lies
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies ;
Nor at the Courſeneſs of our Heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our Heads the frozen *Pilads* ſhine ;
'Tis *Liberty* that Crowns *Britannia's* Iſle, (ſmile
And makes her barren Rocks, and her bleak Mountains
Others with Tow'ring Piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring Domes delight.

A nicer touch to the stretch'd Canvas give;
Or teach their animated Rocks to live :
'Tis *Britain's* Care to watch o'er *Europe's* Fate,
And hold in Balance each contending State,
To threaten bold, presumptuous Kings with War,
And answer her afflicted Neighbour's Pray'r.
The *Dane*, and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce Alarms
Bless the wise Conduct of her Pious Arms.
Soon as her Fleets appear, their Terrors cease,
And all the Northern World lies hush'd in Peace.

Th' Ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret Dread
Her Thunder, aim'd at his aspiring Head,
And fain her Godlike Sons wou'd disunite
By Foreign Gold, or by Domestick Spite ;
But strives in vain to Conquer, or Divide
Whom *Nassau's* Arms defend, and Counsels guide.

Fir'd with the Name, which I so oft have found
The distant Climes, and diff'rent Tongues resound ;
I bridle in my struggling Muse with Pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder Strain:

But I've already troubled you too long;
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous Song:
My humble Verse demands a softer Theme,
A painted Meadow, or a purling Stream,
Unfit for Heroes ; whom Immortal Lays,
And Lines like *Virgil's*, or like your's shou'd praise.

THE
Mourning MUSE
OF
ALEXIS,

Alexis and Menalcas.

Men. **B**Ehold, *Alexis*, see this gloomy Shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made;
Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
But Night succeeding Night excludes the Day;
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightsome Notes, to cheer the dusky Air,
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By Morning Lark, or Ev'ning *Philomel*.

No Vio'let here, nor Daisie, e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding Flow'r, nor springing Green;
For fragrant Myrtle, and the blushing Rose,
Here baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd Moss
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of *Albion's* Loss;
Of *Albion's* Loss, and of *Pastora's* Death;
Begin thy Mournful Song, and raise thy tuneful Breath.

Alex

Alex. Ah Woe too great ! ah Theme, which far exceeds
The lowly Lays of humble Shepherd's Reeds !

O ! could I sing in Verse of equal Strain
With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain :
Or melting Words, and moving Numbers chuse,
Sweet as the *British* Colin's mourning Muse ;
Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
And mourn like *Stella* for her *Astrosfel* ;
Then might I raise my Voice, (secure of skill,)
And with melodious Woe the Valleys fill ;
The list'ning *Echo* on my Song should wait,
And hollow Rocks *Pastora*'s Name repeat ;
Each whistling Wind, and murmur'ing Stream shou'd tell,
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

Men. Wert thou with ev'ry Ray, and Lawrel crown'd
And high as *Pan* himself in Song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy Art avail to show
Verse worthy of her Name, or of our Woe :
But such true Passion in thy Face appears,
In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears ;
Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
As shall supply thy Skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common Form of dumb Distress,
Each vulgar Grief can Sighs, and Tears express ;
In sweet complaining Notes thy Passion vent,
And not in Sighs, but Words, explaining Sighs, lament.

Alex. Wild be my words, *Menalcas*, wild my thoughts;
Artless as Nature's Notes in Birds untaught;
Boundless my Verse, and roving be my Strains;
Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains,
And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breast,
By whom inspir'd I sung at *Comus*' Feast;
While in a Ring the joyly Rural Throng
Have sat, and smil'd to hear my cheerful Song:
Begon, with all thy Mirth, and sprightly Lays,
My Pipe no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn;
Thy springing Lawrels all to Cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal Cries the tender Air,
And beat thy snowy Breast, and rend thy yellow Hair;
From hence, in utmost Wilds thy dwelling chuse,
Begon *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muse.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn;
And Sable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.*

No more these Woods shall with her sight be bless'd,
Nor with her Feet these Flow'ry Plains be press'd;
No more the Winds shall with her Tresses play,
And from her balmy Breath steal sweets away;
No more these Rivers cheerfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face;
While on their Banks the wond'ring Flocks have stood
Greedy of sight, and negligent of Food.

No more the Nymphs shall with soft Tales delight,
Her Ears, no more with Dances please her sight ;
Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth
To bless the joyous Day that gave her Birth :
Lost is that Day, which had from her its Light,
For ever lost with her in endless Night ;
In endless Night, and Arms of Death she lies,
Death in Eternal Shades has shut *Pastora's* Eyes.

Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched Swains,
Stray, all ye Flocks, and Desert be, ye Plains,
Sigh, all ye Winds, and weep, ye Chrystal Floods,
Fade, all ye Flow'rs, and wither, all ye Woods.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.*

Within a dismal Grott, which Damps surround,
All cold she lies upon th' unwholsom Ground ;
The Marble weeps, and with a silent pace
It's trickling Tears distill upon her Face.

Falsly ye weep, ye Rocks, and falsly mourn !
For never will you let the Nymph return !
With a feign'd Grief the faithless Tomb relents,
And like the *Crocodile* its Prey laments.

O she was Heav'nly fair in Face, and Mind !
Never in Nature were such Beauties joyn'd !
Without all shining, and within all White ;
Pure to the Sense, and pleasing to the Sight ;

Like

Like some rare Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colours yield,
And op'ning is with sweetest Odours fill'd,
As lofty Pines o'ertop the lowly Reed,
So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed ;
To which excelling Height she bore a Mind
Humble as Osiers bending to the Wind:
Thus excellent she was-----
Ah wretched Fate! She was, but is no more :
Help me ye Hills, and Valleys to deplore,

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.*

From that blest Earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming Flow'rs, with fragrant Sweets arise :
Let *Myrrha* weeping Aromatick Gum,
And ever-living Lawrel shade her Tomb.
Thither let all th' industrious Bees repair,
Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Hony there ;
Thither let *Fairies*, with their Train resort,
Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,
There in unusual wailings waste the Night,
And watch her by the Fiery Glow-worm's Light.

There may no dismal Yew, nor Cypress grow,
Nor Holly-bush, nor bitter Elder's Bough ;
Let each unlucky Bird far build his Nest,
And distant Dens receive each howling Beast ;

Let Wolves be gone, and Ravens put to flight,
 With hooting Owls, and Bats; that hate the Light,
 But let the sighing Doves their Sorrows bring,
 And Nightingales in sweet Complaining sing;
 Let Swans from their forsaken Rivers fly,
 And Sick'ning at her Tomb make hast to dye,
 That they may help to sing her Elegy.
 Let *Echo* too in Mimick Moan deplore,
 And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more.

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*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn.
 And Sable Clouds her chalky Cliff's adorn.*

And see the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
 And heavy Mists obscure the burd'ned Air;
 A suddain Damp o'er all the Plain is spread,
 Each Lilly folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.
 On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,
 And ev'ry Bough a weeping Moisture bears.
 Their Wings the Feather'd Airy People droop,
 And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.

The Rocks are cleft; and new descending Rills
 Furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.
 The Water-Gods to Floods their Riv'lets turn,
 And each with streaming Eyes supplies his wanting Urn:

The *Fawns* forsake the Woods, the Nymphs the Groves
 And round the Plain in sad Distractions rove;

In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of Golden Hair.

With their sharp Nails themselves the *Satyrs* wound,
And tugg their shaggy Beards, and bite with grief the

Lo ! *Pan* himself beneath a blasted Oak (Ground,
Dejected lies, his Pipe in pieces broke ;
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild Despair,
And to the piercing Winds her Bosom bare !

And see yond fading Myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love all bath'd in flowing Tears ;
See how she wrings her Hands, and beats her Breast,
And tears her useless Girdle from her Waste !
Hear the sad Murmurs of her sighing Doves,
For Grief they sigh, forgetful of their Loves.

Lo *Love* himself with heavy Woes oppress !
See how his Sorrows swell his tender Breast ;
His Bow he Breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings ;
Then lays his Limbs upon the dying Grass,
And all with Tears bedews his beauteous Face ;
With Tears which from his folded Lids arise ;
And even *Love* himself has weeping Eyes.
All Nature mourns : the Floods, and Rocks deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more !

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn;
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

The Rocks can melt, and Air in Mists can mourn,
And Floods can weep, and Winds to sighs can turn;
The Birds in Songs their Sorrows can disclose,
And Nymphs, and Swains in words can tell their Woes;
But oh! behold that deep, and wild despair,
Which neither Winds can shew, nor Floods, nor Air.

See the Great Shepherd, Chief of all the Swains,
Lord of these Woods, and wide extended Pains,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and close to Earth his Face,
Scalding with Tears th' already fading Grass;
To the cold Clay he joyns his throbbing Breast,
No more within *Pastora's* Arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft, and circling Arms
Themselves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms:
Cold are those Lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that Bosom, once all downy Bliss;
On whose soft Pillows, lull'd in sweet Delights,
He us'd in Balmy Sleep to lose the Nights.

Ah! where is all that love, and Fondness fled?

Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?

To Dirt must all that Heav'n of Beauty come!

And must *Pastora* moulder in the Tomb!

Ah

Ah Death ! more fierce, and unrelenting far
Than wildest Wolves, or Savage Tygers are ;
With Lambs, and Sheep their Hungers are appeas'd ;
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdes has seiz'd.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

“ But see, *Menalcas*, where a sudden Light
“ With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my sight !
“ And where *Pastora* lies, it spreads around,
“ Shewing all Radiant bright the Sacred Ground.
“ While from her Tomb, behold, a Flame ascends
“ Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heav'n extends :
“ On flacky Wings it mounts and quick as sight,
“ Cuts thro' the yielding Air with Rays of Light ;
“ Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,
“ And fixing there a glorious Star remains :

*Fairest it seems of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were seen Pastora's Eyes.*

BLEINHEIM, Print

by
sell
in

BLEINHEIM,

A

POEM,

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;

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BLEINHEIM.

A

POEM.

From low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muse
Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of Britain's Heroe; may the Verse not sink
Beneath His Merits, but detain a while
Thy Ear, O *HARLEY*, (tho' thy Country's Weal
Depends on Thee, tho' mighty *ANNE* requires
Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art
Thy self adorn'd, the mean Essays of Youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing Genius to the Muses Seat:
Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall Sing.

Long had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd
Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
Opponent slighty thought, in Heart elate,

As erst *Sesosthis*, (proud *Ægyptian* King,
That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yok't;
(Base Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers
Lash'd furious; they in sullen Majesty
Drew the uneasy Load.) Nor less he aim'd
At Universal Sway: For *WILLIAM*'s Arm
Could not avail, however tam'd in War;
Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ
Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores:
So stood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd
The *European* Thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at Naught their Machinations vain,
But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of War
Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,
Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreams
Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristine Worth
The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,
And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
Portend Distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length
Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight

Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound
Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd ; such Strength of Heart
Thy Conduct, and Example gives ; nor small
Encouragement GODOLPHIN, Wise, and Just,
Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,
To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
The Best of Queens :) He, of the Royal Store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid
Of sweet Repose, Industrious to procure
The Soldiers Ease ; to Regions far remote
His Care extends, and to the *British* Host
Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O CHURCHILL, at thy wisht Approach
The *Germans*, hopeless of Success, forlorn,
With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
New animated rouse ; not more rejoice
The miserable Race of Men, that live
Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
When first the Sun with New-born Light removes
The long incumbent Gloom ; gladly to thee
Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yields the Prime,
Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt

In Military Honour next, altho
His deadly Hand shook the *Turcheſtan* Throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
Victorious ; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coaſt relies,
Won from th'encroaching Sea : That Sword Great *ANNE*
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiffant Side,
When Thee Sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
Illustrating the Noble Liſt ; Her Hand
Aſſures good Omens, and Saint *George's* worth
Enkindles like Deſire of high Exploits.
Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
Rowl in thy eager Mind ; thy Plumy Creſt
Nods horrible, with more terrific Poſt
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conqueſts then did *Albion* hope
From thy Achievements ! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
Could fear, or fancy ; they, in Multitude
Superior, fed their Thoughts with Proſpect vain
Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
From ranſom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
Jovial his Mate beſpoke ; O Friend, obſerve,
How gay with all th'Accoutrements of War
The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come,

Thou

Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue
Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies stripe
Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures sat
Their Maws with full Repast! Another, warm'd
With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess
Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd;
What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms! or if This Hand
Soon as his Army disarray'd gins swerve,
Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price
Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise
To lead Him shackl'd, and expose to Scorn
Of gath'ring Crowds the Briton's boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty Taunts
And Menaces exprest; nor could their Prince
In Arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious Speech
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? why
Decline the War? shall a Morass forbid
Your easie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,
Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t'invite
A furious Lion to his Folds! that Boast
He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight
He soon revisits *Britanny*, that once

Relplen^d

Resplendent came, with stretch'd Retinue girt,
And pompous Pageantry ; O Hapless Fate,
If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's, had prevail'd!

No need such Boasts, or Exprobations false
Of Cowardice ; the Military Mound
The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour
For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
signal of Onset, Resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
Collecting all their Might ; for on th'Event
Decisive of this bloody Day depends
The Fate of Kingdoms ; With less Vehemence
The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cesar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion ! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
Best temper'd Steel, successless prov'd in Field !
Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
Presumptuous comes: Here CHURCHILL, not so prompt
To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
With EUGENE'S *German* Force. Now from each V
The brazen Instruments of Death discharge

Horrib

d!
ate.
Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
Of Smoak sulphureous ; intermix'd with these
Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
Surprizing Slaughter ; on each side they fly
By Chains connex'd, and with destructive Sweep
Behold whole Troops at once ; the hairy Scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrow
Th' ensanguin'd Field ; with latent Mischief stor'd
Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
Disploding murder'ous Bowels, fragments of Steel,
And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout
With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted Riders ; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
Prevail'd ; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Were clotted ; Lifeless Some : With Anguish These
Gasping, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpitied, and unheard ; the louder Din
Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
Along hung the Fight, few Marks of fear were seen,

No

Horrib

None of Retreat : As when two adverse Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars aormy, they together dash the Clouds,
Levy'ing their Equal Force with utmost Rage ;
Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd : 'Till *Churchill*, viewing where
The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm ; with speed
Precipitant He Rode, urging His Way
O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
Rowling in Death : Destruction, grim with Blood,
Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
Descrying from afar some Engineer,
Dextrous to guide th'unerring Charge, design'd
By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,
But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
Th'approaching Wound) and guiltless Plough'd her Way
Beneath His Courser ; round His Sacred Head
The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
With dire impetuous Sway deals Fatal Blows
Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O ! Beware
Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
Expose the *British* Safety ; Hath not *Jove*
Already warn'd Thee to withdraw ? Reserve
Thy self for other Palms, Ev'n now Thy Aid

EUGENE

EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,
Awaits ; This Day of all His Honours gain'd
Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
Defends not the sad Hour : Permit not Thou
So Brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
To bite the Ground unnoted.---- Swift, and Fierce
As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
The yielding Wing : in *Gallie* Blood again
He dews His -eking Sword, and strows the Ground
With headless Ranks : (so *Ajax* interpos'd
His Sevenfold shield, and check'd *Larrier's* Son,
For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,
When the Insulting *Trogans* urg'd Him fore
With tilted Spears :) Unmanly Dread invades
The *French* astony'd ; straight Their useless Arms
They quit, and in Their swift Retreat confide,
Unseemly Yelling : distant Hills return
The hideous Noise. What can They do ? or how
Withstand His Wide-destroying Sword ? or where
Find Shelter thus repuls'd ? behind with Wrath
Resistless, t h'Eager *English* Champions Press
Chastising tardy Flight ; Before them rows
His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep
Supream of Rivers ; to the frightful Brink,
Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reach,
New Horror chill'd Their Veins ; devote They saw
Themselves to wretched Doom ; with Efforts vain,

Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate
To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
On the firm Land : the River discomfited,
And push'd by M. REFORUCH's aveng'ful Hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood :
Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
That swell'd the *Erythraean* Wave, when Wall'd
The Unfroze Waters marvelously flood,
Observant of the Great Command. Upbore
By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream
In cumbrous Mail, with love of farther Shore ;
Confiding in their Hands, that sed'ulous strive
To cut th' outrageous Fluent : In this Distress,
Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew
Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates
Sustain ; vain Love, tho' laudable ! absorpt
By a fierce Eddy, They together found
The vast Profundity ; their Horses paw
The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil : Surcharg'd
And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
The River flows redundant, and attacks
The lingring Remnant with unusual Tide ;
Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerst.
So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire

To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge
Of *Paraba*, *Brazilian* Stream ; Her Tail
Of vast Extention, from Her watry Den,
A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
Insidious; and with curl'd invenom'd Train
Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
Into the River whirles ; th'unweeting Prey
Entwisted roars, the parted Wave rebounds:

Nor did the *British*, Squadrons now surcease
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd ; full many felt
In the moist Element a scorching Death,
Pierc'd sinking ; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud
The Current flows, with livid missive Flames
Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th'Swift-footed Son
Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks pursu'd
The straggling *Trojans* : Nor less Eager drove
Victorious CHURCHILL His desponding Foes
Into the deep Immense, that many a League
Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harraßt Pow'rs
From Ruin impendent, and th'afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Sustain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout

An Host disparted ; when, in Union firm
Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All
Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd ;
He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,
(A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladsome Air,
Exult to see the crouding Ghosts descend
Unnumber'd ; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and Drink th'Oblivious Lake.
Not so the New Inhabitants ; They roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves
Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance ; when lo ! They see,
Thro' the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,
Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conquests ; One, to Empire Born,
Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
Unspeakable ; Thou, His Associate Dear
Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
Shouldst *CHURCHILL* be ! But Heav'n's severe cut short
Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast
Gifts so Important ! Them the *Gallie* Shades
Surveying, read in either radiant Look

Marks of Excessive Dignity and Grace,
Delighted ; till, in One, their Curious Eye
Discerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,
And Corresponding Features Fair ; to Them
Confusion ! Straight the Airy Phantomes fleet,
With Headlong Haste, and Dread a new Pursuit ;
The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse ; the sadly-pleasing Theme
Leave, with these Dark Abodes, and Re-ascend
To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait,
The Conqu'ror, and fav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
Hark, how the Canon, inoffensive Now,
Gives Signs of Gratulation ; struggling Crouds
From ev'ry City flow ; with ardent Gaze
Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
Insatiate ; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
How *Prussia's* King transported Entertains
His Mighty Guest ; to Him the Royal Pledge,
Hope of his Realm, commends (with better Fate,
Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.
See, with what Joy, Him *LEOPOLD* declares
His Great Deliverer ; and courts t'accept

Of Ticks, with superior Modesty
Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King
Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Despair and Fear
Now first he feels; his Laurels all at once
'Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
Distract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp
Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm
Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer;
Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
Of weeping Consort, and depriv'd the Sight
Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;
Deplorable! but that his Mind averse
To Right, and Insincere, would violate
His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept
Friendly Composure offer'd — or well weigh,
With Whom he must Contend? Encount'ring fierce
The *Solymean* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Painim Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*
Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,

Of Counsel rash, new Measures he pursues,
 Unhappy Prince ! (no more a Prince) he sees
 Too late his Error, forc'd t'implore Relief
 Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute
 Of Hope, unpity'd ! Thou should'st first have thought
 Of persevering stedfast ; now upbraid
 Thy own inconstant Ill-aspiring Heart.

Lo ! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,
 Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,
 Best Men, that Warr'd still firmly for their Prince,
 Tho' Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd ;
 Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,
 Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,
 And Emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
 The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
 The Desert wide ; with oft retorted Eye
 They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
 Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts
 Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud the Loss
 Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
 Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
 As Partial, and too Rigorous ; 'ain, find
 Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease
 Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
 To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion* ! from the World disjoin'd
 Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace !

Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize
Thy Welfare ; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gifts,
Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War,
Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony
Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife ;
From different Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends
Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Galic, or *Austrian* ; Havoc dire ensues,
And wild Uproar : The Natives, dubious whom
They must Obey, in Consternation wait,
Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
On the mild *Latian* Shore ; what Sighs and Tears
Hath EUGENE caus'd ! How many Widows curse
His cleaving Faulchion ! Fertile Soil in vain !
What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
Best Boon of Heav'n ! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With Olives, when ter'ribel Battel mows
The Planters, with their Harvest immature ?
See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
In Battailous Array, while *Volga's* Stream
Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,

Her Borderers ; on mutual Slaughter bent,
They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext
With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings
Contend for Sway ? Unhappy Nation, left
Thus free of Choice ! The *English*, undisturb'd
With such sad Privilege, submit Obedience
Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Reverence due
Not Thralldom, in fit Liberty secure.
From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
Thou *ANNA* Rulest, Prudent to promote
Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studious less
Of *Europe's* Good ; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
Sue for Relief ; Thou bid'st Thy *CHURCHILL* go,
Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
Of Haughty *LOUIS*, unconfin'd ; He goes
Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'st in Charge
To *ROOK*, that He should let that Monarch know,
The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
Is Thine ; behold ! with winged Speed He rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t'assert
Thy liquid Kingdom ; at his near Approach
The *Gallie* Navies, impotent to bear
His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail,

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace
The New-born Age ; what Hopes may we conceive
Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
Already have prevail'd to th'utmost Bound
Hejperian, Calpe, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves !
Let Others, with Insatiate Thirst of Rule,
Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
Of Leagues, and Oaths ; this Thy peculiar Praise.
Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
Of Kings Perfidious ; let them learn from Thee
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd
Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.
Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
Subduest Regions ; Generous to Raise
The Suppliant Knee, and Curb the Rebel Neck.
The *German* Boasts Thy Conquests, and Enjoys
The Great Advantage ; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from Thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realms secure
Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends
Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
Europe Embroil'd ; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
Reciprocally ruinous ; Say Who

Shall

Grace
ceive
shall weild th'*Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,
By Thy Decree ; the trembling Lands shall hear
Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise
Their Stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath
Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace Extol
Thy Pow'r, and Justice ; Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Baërian* Coasts,
Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell
Amongst the Enemies of Truth ; while Arts
Pacific, and Inviolable Love
Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
Returning ! In perpetual Tenor run
Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head ; ye Happy Days,
By HER restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,
And, mildly on HER Shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves ;
Sweet Solitude !) where Warbling Birds provoke
The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
Of SAINT JOHN, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
To Sing *Britannic* Tropæes, inexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt ; while He intent
So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite

His

shall

His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
To String His Charming Shell ; But when Return'd
Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Chearful Head,
Then shall His CHURCHILL in Sublimer Verse
For Ever Triumph ; latest Times shall learn
From Such a *Chief* to Fight, and *Bard*, to Sing.

F I N I S.

